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Civil War in the Docks?

SINCE the end of the war, there has been more trouble in the docks than in any other sector of British industry. Recurrent unofficial strikes, sometimes broken only by a combined operation by the employers, the Transport and General Workers Union and the Army, have spread from one port to another. There have been disputes about redundancy, overtime, the introduction of new machinery and the transfer of dockers. Despite the great advances in pay and conditions of work since 1939, there has clearly been a strong undercurrent of discontent which has enabled strike committees to call out the men time after time. The traditional solidarity of the dockers has prevailed over the men's loyalty to their union, which has consistently tried to persuade them to honour the agreements made in their name.

This is the background to the present conflict between the T. & G.W. and the National Association of Stevedores and Dockers. For years, both the local officials and the leaders of the T. & G.W. have been running into difficulties with their members—appeals to return to work do not make for popularity in the tense atmosphere of a strike—because they appear to be taking the part of the employers in these unofficial disputes. Such antagonism has naturally awakened separatist sentiments among the dockers, who are impressed by arguments that a union of their own would give more attention to their interests than can their single section of a giant amalgamation. Until now, however, no serious attempt has been made to pull the dockers out of the T. & G.W.—though a strange alliance of rebels has lost no opportunity of discrediting Mr. Deakin and the other leaders of their union.

For many years, the Stevedores and Dockers has been a small union, mainly in London, which has run rather uneasily beside the T. & G.W., each accusing the other on occasion of poaching members, but refraining from open rivalry. Mr. Barrett, of the N.A.S.D., has now decided to make an open bid for the dissidents in Mr. Deakin's camp, and his union claims that it is recruiting several thousand former members of the Transport Workers. This move, which could easily lead to civil war in the docks, does not seem to be Communist inspired—whatever some officials of the T. & G.W. may say—for Mr. Pollitt has issued a call to the dockers to stay in the T. & G.W. and fight for better representation.

Mr. Deakin has retaliated by reporting this internecine fight to the T.U.C. Disputes Committee—which has ordered a standstill pending full inquiries—and by calling for the removal of the N.A.S.D. from the National Joint Council for the Port Transport Industry—an action, if successful, that would deprive the N.A.S.D. of its existing rights and force it to seek new negotiating machinery. Mr. Deakin claims that the N.A.S.D. has violated the Bridlington Agreement, which binds unions belonging to the T.U.C. not to recruit members from another union engaged in a dispute or—what seems the decisive clause in this instance—where another union already organises the majority of workers in an establishment.

Naturally, this contest has led some people to ask whether or not dockers have the right to choose their own union. The *Daily Express*, has abused "the bombastic, overbearing Mr. Deakin" for trampling on the rights of working men in "the manner of a dictator." It is true that, in the last resort, the right to withdraw from a union may be as fundamental as the right to strike. But it is a gross exaggeration to suggest that things have yet reached this point. Membership of a trade union carries with it obligations as well as rights, and among those obligations is the rule that a dispute within a union, or between unions, must be dealt with according to trade union law and custom, not settled by the laws of the jungle. British trade unionism has been unusually free of the curse of dual unionism and bitter inter-union rivalries; and nothing would be more harmful to the dockers, who have a splendid tradition of united action, than a bitter disruptive struggle among themselves.

If the action of the N.A.S.D. is unwise, however, it does not mean that it is insignificant. The dockers have certainly gained a great deal from the agreements made on their behalf by Transport House, but this has not persuaded them that the present constitution of the T. & G.W. is perfect. They are, after all, a coherent body of skilled workers, concentrated in comparatively few establishments; they are much more like a craft group than most other types of worker organised in the T. & G.W. Among other things, the nature of their employment gives them much greater bargaining power—because they can bring strong pressure to bear at decisive points—than any other section of the Transport Workers; knowing this, they do not feel such a strong need as, say, bakers and labourers, for the backing of a giant general union. So long as they have no union of their own, this sense of frustration is bound to remain. But piecemeal desertion is the road to dual unionism, not reform.

Flexible Formula

M. Mendès-France is no mean tactician: the reception given to his Strasbourg speech by the French press suggests that what our Paris Correspondent calls his "calculated blend of realism and *rapprochement*" has made a comparatively favourable impression in France. Certainly, the "flexible formula" which M. Mendès-France has devised is an ingenious attempt to secure safeguards for France without overtly discriminating against Germany. His precise proposals have yet to be disclosed; but, broadly, the lines of the French plan, which will be submitted to next Tuesday's Nine-Power Conference in London appear to be as follows: (1) Membership of the Brussels Treaty would be extended, as Mr. Eden proposed, to include Germany and Italy; (2) A Council of Seven, under that Treaty, would have powers to inspect and limit the "European" armaments of all signatories other than Britain—with the rider that arms production would not be sanctioned in "exposed," *i.e.*, German, territory; (3) the upper limit of a Germany army would be not more than half the combined number of British and American divisions stationed at any time in Europe; (4) Britain's commitments in Europe, under the Treaty, would be no less firm than those of France; (5) On this basis, and provided the Bonn Government declared that it had no "outstanding territorial claims"—*i.e.*, either to the Saar or the Eastern Territories—Germany's admission to Nato would be acceptable to France.

Apart from the fact that this formula does nothing to remove the danger of rearming one-half of a disunited Reich, the question at once arises whether either Dr. Adenauer or Mr. Dulles will look at it with any degree of favour. Stiffened by Mr. Dulles's visit to Bonn, the German Chancellor is insisting on Western Germany's unconditional right to Nato membership, and Mr. Dulles is known to be impatient to secure, without more ado, those famous German divisions. His attitude seems to be "First give Western Germany full sovereignty and let her rearm—talk about safeguards can come later." Thus, even if Mr. Dulles were ready to swallow a formula which meant, in effect, a pledge by the U.S. not to reduce its present armed forces in Europe, and even if the British Government were prepared to make its European commitments as binding as M. Mendès-France wants—a very big proviso—the French plan, as it stands, seems unlikely to survive American-backed German objections next week.

German Rearmament at Scarborough

Sensing defeat for any resolution which expressed in unequivocable terms its support for the immediate rearmament of West Germany, the Labour Party leadership has taken advantage of the demise of E.D.C. to present the Scarborough Conference with a resolution on European Defence, drafted with masterly ambiguity. Indeed, it introduces at no point the tell-tale words "German rearmament." None-the-less, the substance of the resolution is clear. If it is passed, it will commit the Labour Party, first, to no Four-Power negotiations on Germany until *after* the Russians have conceded free elections: and, secondly, to consultation with the other European Socialist Parties on a prescribed agenda, based on immediate sovereignty for the Federal Republic and a "German contribution" to the Western alliance. Thus, Mr. Morrison's formula amounts to this: the Russians are to be compelled to concede their principal bargaining point before the West agrees even to seek a joint solution to the German problem; and, in the meantime, the British Labour Party will try to persuade European Socialists to underwrite what is, in its essentials, the Eden Plan for arming Dr. Adenauer: all this at a moment when it is increasingly apparent that both the French and German Socialists are becoming more and more anxious to postpone any sort of German rearmament until after Four-Power talks. Apparently, an alternative resolution, insisting on Four-Power talks and calling for the abandonment of the whole project of rearming a still divided Germany, was roundly defeated at this week's meeting of the Party's National Executive.

As Maine Went?

The election of a Democratic Governor in Maine—the first in 20 years—is less significant as an augury for November than the percentage fall in the vote for the Republican candidates for House and Senate. As this was about 12 per cent. in all four cases, despite the high standing of Senator Smith, it suggests that a big Democratic victory is in the making. A similar swing, nationally, would lose the Republicans 13 Senate seats and 106 in the House—a staggering mid-term defeat. Even if this set-back can be attributed in part to local factors, it remains a grave warning to the Republicans, and two at least of those local factors—unemployment and farm discontent—are duplicated in other critical areas. American commentators have been quick to point out that the United States electorate seems to be reverting to its "normal" Democratic majority, from which Mr. Eisenhower's personal prestige caused it to deviate two years ago. This conclusion is supported by two recent Gallup Polls. The first asked electors which party they would choose: a majority chose the Democrats. The second tested public approval of the President, and 70 per cent. gave him their support, against 32 per cent. for Mr. Truman after a comparable period in office. The degree to which the Republicans can stave off the imminent landslide, therefore, seems to depend on the effectiveness of the campaign that the President puts up for his party's candidates. Other local elections, incidentally, have confirmed the Democratic trend. In Wisconsin, particularly, the Democratic share of the primary vote was the highest on record, while an anti-McCarthy Republican candidate for State Secretary beat a supporter of the junior Senator by two to one. The Senator's stock seems to be slumping as fast as that of his party.

Next Week

AUTUMN BOOKS

Noel Annan writes a dialogue on Wilde.
Graham Greene on Livingstone's Travels.
Louis MacNeice on Yates's Letters.

Reviews by
V. S. Pritchett, A. J. P. Taylor, Adam Curle, Ralph Partridge, Kingsley Martin, etc.

Also in the same issue, contributions by J. B. Priestley and Robert Graves.

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Skilled Rates on the Railways

The refusal by the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen to accept the Transport Commission's last offer as a basis for resuming direct negotiations is doubtless a disappointment to Sir Brian Robertson. The N.U.R. had agreed to a new minimum of £6 5*s.*, and was apparently willing, in the case of top, skilled rates, to accept the increase (stated unofficially to be 6*s.* 6*d.*) offered by the Commission. All that remained to be settled was a revision of the rates payable between "ceiling" and "floor." The A.S.L.E.F., however, was committed to seeking, for the highest-rated engine drivers, a wage of £10 5*s.* a week—an advance of 26*s.* 6*d.* on current pay. In comparison with the earnings of miners and other skilled workers, this demand on behalf of men with long service, and with the responsibility for the running of long-distance express trains, seems not unreasonable; but the gap between the A.S.L.E.F.'s claim and the Commission's last offer is wide. The next stage—reference to the Railway Staff's National Council—is unlikely to produce agreement.

Mr. Clore's Empire

We note—with more amusement than concern—the renewed controversy between City editors and Mr. Charles Clore. The successive chapters in the story run as follows: (1) Clore and his associates acquire Furness Shipbuilding, holder of a controlling interest of £2m. shares in Bentley Engineering, which, in turn, controls Mellor Bromley, makers of hosiery machinery; (2) Clore acquires, at a cost of "£3m. plus," control of J. Sears & Co., a boot and shoe business

owning a subsidiary firm, Freeman, Hardy & Willis, and a chain of freehold and leasehold properties, whose value, at current prices, has been put at £8½m., but which stood at a modest figure in the books; (3) Clore creates an investment company, Haverton Holdings, to which the Clore interest in Furness Shipbuilding is transferred; (4) Sears sell for £4m. "or more" freehold properties which Freeman, Hardy & Willis then rent back again from the purchasers; (5) Sears buy, for £3½m., the ordinary capital (£2m. nominal) of Haverton Holdings. The net effect of all this is that Mr. Clore finds a purchaser for Furness Shipbuilding, while J. Sears & Co. is converted into an investment trust owning what the *Economist* describes as "an assorted bag" of companies. "A bad deal," says the City Editor of the *Sunday Express*; if the Sears' freeholds were to be sold, the "right policy" would have been to return the money to the Sears' shareholders. Not so, argues the City Editor of the *News Chronicle*: the conversion of the "frozen" freeholds assets into interests in productive businesses (one of which, Bentley Engineering, has just declared a capital bonus) should "prove immediately profitable" to the Sears' shareholders.

Are their interests actually damaged? Freeman, Hardy & Willis will presumably earn less, since they will now have to pay rents for their shops to the estimated tune of £250,000 a year. (Against this, of course, there will be saving of income tax.) On the other hand, the price paid to Haverton Holdings is based, as to Furness Shipbuilding, on a distinguished accountant's valuation, and, as to Bentley Engineering, on "less than the market value of the shares acquired." If the "mixed bag" is efficiently administered, there is no *prima facie* reason to suppose that the minority shareholders in Sears will suffer. The *Financial Times*, however, finds the affair "profoundly disturbing." It calculates that, from Mr. Clore's point of view, total debits, on account of assets acquired and now relinquished, are "around £7½m.," while credits (including £3½m. in cash available for future deals) are "over £11½m."—a profit "in the region of £4m." This, of course, is a "paper" profit, whose realisation clearly depends on the maintenance of the current market value of Mr. Clore's holding in Sears.

PARIS

The Men Who Came to Dinner

Our Paris Correspondent writes: For some time now Washington has been receiving contradictory information from its two principal representatives in France—Mr. Dillon, Ambassador in Paris, and Mr. Bruce, American delegate to the Interim E.D.C. Committee. On the whole it prefers to believe Mr. Bruce, who has close links with the French "Europeans," rather than Mr. Dillon, who—not unnaturally—prefers to work with the current French Government. Indeed, not even Mr. Bruce's disastrous forecast of the E.D.C. debate ("ratification by 350 votes") shook Mr. Dulles's faith in him, and it was almost certainly on his advice that the Secretary of State flew into Europe last week. On Tuesday, it appears, Mr. Bruce's staff received alarming reports from Bonn that the principal result of Mr. Eden's visit had been to calm the Chancellor down; and that the specific reference to Franco-German reconciliation in their joint communiqué was an indication that Adenauer was now prepared to work with Mendès-France, at least for the moment. In view of this, reasoned Mr. Bruce, it was absolutely essential that Mr. Dulles should see Adenauer personally, and remind him that Germany stood more to gain from America (i.e., direct admission to Nato) than from a Franco-British *entente*. And if, at the same time, he should deliberately refrain from touching down at Paris on the way (and thus strengthen the argument of the French "Europeans" that Mendès-France is *persona non grata* in Washington), so much the better.

This impression was further strengthened by the visit of Senator Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, which, for brevity and bluntness, was in the very best traditions of itinerant Congressmen. His press conference took place at a delicate moment, only a few hours before Mr. Eden's arrival, and it left nobody in any doubt as to where the Senator stood. Indeed, during a complicated passage dealing with both M. Mendès-France and Herr Adenauer, he used the phrase "a man of courage with a great soul," and a French reporter innocently inquired whether he was referring to the French Prime Minister or the Chancellor. "Why, Herr Adenauer, of course," snapped the Senator. Later, as *Le Monde* remarked icily, "it became clear that the Senator's understanding of the [Paris] Treaty was so limited as to make it useless to pursue the matter further."

But despite the efforts of Messrs. Dulles, Bruce and Wiley, M. Bidault seems no nearer the Quai d'Orsay. The pro-E.D.C. alliance against Mendès-France is rapidly breaking up. For, although it is generally agreed that, in certain circumstances, Mendès-France could be overthrown on foreign policy, it is difficult to see how a "European" Government could be formed to replace him. The official half of the Socialist Party is now moving towards the position of making Four-Power talks a pre-condition for German rearmament in any form; last week, the pro-E.D.C. Socialist mayor of Toulon broke away from the Centre bloc on the municipal council, and formed an alliance with the C.P. on this basis. Yet if a new Government is to be formed under M.R.P. leadership, at least two-thirds of the Socialists will be required to fill the gap left by the Gaullists. Hence, the best chance the M.R.P. have to return to power under their own conditions is to overthrow Mendès-France by an absolute majority (314) of the deputies. Under the constitution, a general election can be held if two Governments are voted out by absolute majorities within eighteen months. The last time this occurred was in May, 1953, and the M.R.P. have only until November 20 before the 18-month period comes to an end. But could elections possibly return a pro-E.D.C. majority? Last Sunday, the M.R.P. gained ground on the second ballot of the Cantal bye-election, but an anti-E.D.C. Independent was returned with a large majority.

Moreover, towards the end of the week, Mendès-France took several decisive steps. First, he summarily dismissed M. Hervé Alphand, the permanent French representative at Nato and one of the principal links between the M.R.P. and Washington. Secondly, he dispatched M. de Moustier, his pro-E.D.C. deputy at the Quai d'Orsay, to Strasbourg to prepare a reconciliation with M. Spaak. Thirdly, he presented in detail his own alternative solution to E.D.C. In essence, his plan is similar to the one presented by Mr. Eden, but with three notable exceptions. It insists that control of German rearmament should be effective, and should be exercised within a European, as opposed to an Atlantic framework. It likewise insists that there should be a numerical relationship between Anglo-American forces attached to S.H.A.P.E. and the new German divisions. It is, in short, a calculated blend of realism and *rapprochement;* and, provided Britain can underwrite it, stands a reasonable chance of being accepted by the Assembly.

RHODESIA

Federation's First Birthday

A Correspondent writes: The Federation of Central Africa has just celebrated its first birthday. Racial developments within it during its first year of existence have certainly not been as unhappy as its opponents feared, but the racial future still hangs precariously in the balance. Africans are quietly waiting to see when the practical effects of the promised partnership will materialise, for they have heard many words but seen few deeds.

On the one hand liberalism seems to be gradually emerging from its shell. An inter-racial party is being set up for the Federation. A genuine Inter-racial Association has been formed in Southern Rhodesia and a promise given that African Trade Unions will soon be recognised. In Nyasaland, the Colonial Office has promised a reformed method of land tenure. In Northern Rhodesia, the copper companies have taken the initiative to try to break the industrial colour bar in order to improve the efficiency of their labour force. Perhaps of the greatest significance for the future, the Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council, with only the single Confederate dissentient, has carried resolutions proposed by John Moffat declaring that "every lawful inhabitant of Northern Rhodesia has the right to progress according to his character, qualifications, training, ability and industry, without distinction of race, colour and creed."

On the other side the European Miners' Union is still stubbornly blocking African advance in the industry; European leaders are desperately trying to hold up the land changes in Nyasaland; discrimination continues unabated in Southern Rhodesia; and the Federal Government has not only turned down a motion to introduce legislation guaranteeing equal treatment for all races in public places, but has expressed its intention of imposing restrictions on Asian immigration and Asians moving between the three territories.

The two-sided nature of the public statements of the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Godfrey Huggins, clearly reveal the schizophrenic character of present race relations. During the debate on the colour bar motion he not only described the motion itself as mischievous but added that the career of Dauti Yamba, its sponsor, showed that "that was what he wanted it to be." To make such an accusation against an African Member who has served his people in the Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council and now in the Federal Assembly is hardly calculated to improve race relations.

Yet the same Sir Godfrey can also shock the die-hard Whites. Speaking to a Southern Rhodesian missionary conference he utterly opposed the doctrine of permanent racial segregation, declaring that fundamental differences between Africans and Europeans due to heredity are negligible. He proceeded, "If one concedes that differences are environmental, then it follows that differences can, over a period of time, be reconciled. . . . This means that we are attempting to change not the African, but the influences which operate on the African from birth. . . ." The fact seems to be that all Central African politicians, White and Black, are continually looking over their shoulders to see what their constituents are thinking of them. At the same time, economic needs and political realities are catching up with racial myths and forcing changes. It is here that organisations like the Inter-racial Association can become of immense significance by introducing the habit of social and political contact between African and European.

Some Thoughts on Scarborough

DESPITE the sense of anti-climax occasioned by the French rejection of E.D.C.—and the chance it has afforded the Labour leaders of trying to dodge a direct vote on German rearmament—the decisive occasion of the Scarborough Conference will still occur on Wednesday when, in one form or another, the Party has to define its attitude to the rearming of Dr. Adenauer's Germany. And what an odd thing this is! For, important though the decision is for the future of the Labour Party, the whole controversy must strike an outside observer as curiously remote from the real problems which beset a Socialist Party trying to win power in a Parliamentary democracy. Its importance is a by-product of the essential dilemma: it arises because both wings of the Party have accepted the debate on German rearmament as a proper issue for pitched battle.

Underneath the superficial excitement of this internal struggle, lies a totally different set of problems. Most of the delegates assembling at Scarborough are conscious of a dilemma which is not likely to receive much publicity from the rostrum next week, but which, nevertheless, has to be resolved one way or another, if the struggles for power within the Party are to have a greater significance than a personal one. *Challenge to Britain* is an ambiguous document in that it says little enough about the methods which are to be employed to achieve its objectives. It is a sort of shopping list of the social benefits which are to be obtained from the next Labour Government. The commitment which it imposes on that Government is a heavy one—so heavy indeed that influential faint-hearts in the Party leadership are already thinking of ways by which it can be reduced; and it is certain that, even in the most favourable circumstances, we can carry it out only by stringent and purposeful planning—by Socialism, that is to say, rather than by Butskellism.

Yet, to say this is only to state the problem: how is the task to be approached? Without giving the electorate full warning of the Party's intention? Then we risk the charge of deliberate deception, and, with that, the danger of a degree of resistance from the institutional defenders of capitalist society, the press, the radio, the Civil Service, and so on, which would almost certainly prove too great for a Labour Government, elected without a decisive mandate. By issuing, then, a detailed blueprint of the reimposition of rationing and controls? But if that is the extent of the Party's prospectus, is there any reason to suppose that, under the present Butler boom, the electorate will accept such an offer?

Politicians, and journalists, sometimes forget—especially in the feverish atmosphere of a Party Conference—but the delegates at Scarborough are well enough aware in their calmer moments that an election manifesto founded only on the predictions of woe and the warning of austerity would not today be received with rapture. For, superficially at least, Britain of 1954 seems in good shape. Employment is at its maximum; with some exceptions, wages have kept up, while profits are soaring: the cost of living is rising more slowly than for some time: the shortages and restrictions of the early post-war years have given way to comparative plenty in the shops and to a comfortable sense of *laissez-faire* in commercial and industrial enterprise. True, there is another side to this picture. True, the old age pensioner and those others who have to live exclusively on social benefits are now, once again, squeezed right down to the poverty line. But they are a small proportion of the population, small enough still to be comfortably put out of mind by the majority. True, even the comparatively prosperous industrial working class is learning once more that, without plenty in the purse, plenty in the shops remains . . . in the shops. More fundamental, it is also true that the most significant feature of the present Government's economic policy has been to exploit their short-term luck with the U.K.'s terms of trade, to permit increased home consumption—at the expense partly of exports, but still more of investment. Yet, despite the gradual reversal of the Labour Government's policy of equalising incomes, and despite the unsound foundations of an economic policy, which Mr. Harold Wilson has shrewdly described as "consuming the seed-corn," and despite the heavy pressure on isolated groups in the community, none of these chickens has yet come home to roost. The general consensus of public opinion is that things are still pretty good; that a return to greater freedom of enterprise has been achieved, without significant damage to the Welfare State. How many non-Socialists are ready, at this moment, to stand up and declare themselves for a return to austerity and planning?

Do I mean, then, that Labour will lose the next election? By no means. There are a number of current indications to the contrary. The increase in rents and food prices, as well as less tangible disquiets like the now evident disabilities of the Prime Minister, have rubbed off a good deal of the Tory bloom. The danger is something more subtle and, in the long run, perhaps more damaging than the loss of an election. It is that the Labour leadership will invite the electorate to exchange the Tories for a Labour Government which intends to attempt no more than the continuation of the general line of Mr. Butler's policies, stripped only of some of their rough edges. And that is a danger I greatly fear.

For while it can be argued that a policy of Butskellism might be the easiest way of winning an election, it seems to me the surest way of destroying the Labour Party. Labour has never been a tightly organised Party of disciplined militants; but it has always been a Party held together by a belief in Socialist economics and Socialist ethics. Its rank-and-file has always been deeply rooted in the class-conscious working-class. These two characteristics are intimately connected, and they are the strength of the Party. It is the Socialist content of its idealism which has distinguished it from other progressive groups and cemented the loyalty of the working-class. It is working-class loyalty to a non-Communist Labour Party which has kept strong in Britain the flame of democratic Socialism, at a time when it burns so low in the rest of the world. I want Labour to win the next election, if it can. But I would rather it lost than that it won and then betrayed the hopes of its supporters.

The danger of Butskellism to Labour is twofold. First, its electoral approach, designed to appease the anti-Socialist middle class, is a damper on the idealism of Party members—and these, though they do not win elections by themselves, at least do the spadework without which elections cannot be won. Secondly, it is a fair guess that a policy of Butskellism may be better carried out by Mr. Butler than by Mr. Gaitskell. If the Right-wing of the Labour Party were to succeed in watering down Party policy to a programme which can be carried out by bi-partisan economics, there would be a grave danger that, when it came to the test, Labour would fail to honour even those innocuous undertakings.

As Dr. Thomas Balogh has recently pointed out in these columns, Mr. Butler's boom has depended, apart from his good fortune with the terms of trade, on "confidence"—on the willingness, that is, of industry and the City to give full co-operation to a Chancellor whom they trust as one of themselves. I do not insult the potential Labour Chancellors, even of the extreme Right, by suggesting that they could expect the same treatment. So even if the present favourable terms of trade were to continue for longer than one dare hope, a Labour Chancellor would probably be confronted with a crisis of confidence. Moreover, Mr. Butler's successor must replace the seed-corn which we are now consuming. But how, and from where? Not from current consumption, if it is his purpose to remain popular with his middle-class political opponents. From the Defence budget then? That is the obvious solution; but it is one which, judged on the past, might be adopted at least as readily by Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler as by Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Morrison. The probability is that a Labour Chancellor will find himself unable to cope with the crisis of confidence and the urgent need to increase investment, unless he takes and uses powers which will be regarded by his political opponents as an extension of the class war. If that is so, we may as well admit that it is not possible to have a Labour Government without making enemies. In short, we may as well seek a Socialist solution to our problem from the start.

Challenge to Britain gives the Party a chance to do this; but it gives no guarantee. What might happen after an election would depend on the interpretation; and that, in turn, would depend on the leadership of the Party, and the degree to which it has been impressed with the purpose of the rank-and-file.

It is the realisation of this which has lifted the struggle for power in the Labour Party above the level of personal ambition, and which has given its adventitious importance to the pitched battle on German rearmament. But suppose the delegates at Scarborough insist on recording a decisive vote against the Party leadership, and suppose that vote is accepted as indicating a firm desire on the part of the rank-and-file to swing away from the bi-partisan mood which infects the leaders, is the underlying dilemma then resolved? If Butskellism is, in the long run, both electoral and Party suicide, does it not remain true that Labour is unlikely to win an election by advocating Socialism? The varying results of the 1945, 1950 and 1951 elections do not bear that out. The fact probably is that, while the electorate wants a continuance of present policies, it will maintain Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler in power. When it decides to throw them out, it will do so because Tory economics and foreign policy, overtaken by events, have brought the country again to a point of crisis. In that event, the election result is not likely to be determined by the minutiae of Party programmes, but by whether Labour impresses the country as knowing its own mind, as having the determination and toughness to carry out an *alternative* policy capable of providing relief from the tread-mill of a continuing arms race and a recurring economic crisis.

This may happen next year; or maybe we shall have to sit out another Tory Government. Either way, Labour's first task is to convert individuals to a belief in the dogma of Socialism—for these are the converts who will stick—and then to plan systematically and realistically to continue the constructive work of 1945. To seek power urgently is right; but it is possible to pay too high a price for office. The fate of the 1950 Government should have taught Labour that it is better to leave the Tories to do their own dirty work.

JOHN FREEMAN

The Shadow of Peron

(By a South American Correspondent)

IN the seemingly chaotic pattern of economic and political crisis in Latin America, there is one constant thread—President Peron's determination to achieve for Argentina and himself hegemony over the continent. "Keep before you the thought that this nation has given proof throughout its history that it is not content to proclaim liberty and independence for itself alone, but is prepared to carry these benefits the length of the continent for the greater good of its brothers." To the purpose which he thus described, the international policy of Juan Peron throughout his career has been directed. He has had his failures; but it would be an error to regard his influence as now on the wane. Even though the coalition of Church, Army and Big Business which brought about the recent downfall and death of Getulio Vargas in Brazil may not be itself to Peron's liking, it at least rid him of a potential rival for continental leadership. Moreover, by standing up, at the Caracas Conference, against the United States in the matter of Guatemala, the Argentine Government won prestige as the only effective Latin American opponent of "foreign imperialism"; and, in the general economic difficulties which now beset South America, the General can fairly claim that the working class in Argentina is enjoying relatively high standards.

Peron has always realised that the independence of Brazil cannot be challenged without first securing control of Chile; thus it is particularly in relation to Chile that his diplomacy merits study. Last December, the Chilean Government made public the proceedings of a trial which was held in 1938, and in which several Chilean army officers were found guilty and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on charges of "spying." The official documents established what had been suspected at the time: the "spy-ring" had been directed from Buenos Aires through the Argentine Military Attaché in Santiago, whose object had been to ascertain Chile's mobilisation plan in the event of an attack from the East. The Military Attaché involved was Colonel Juan Peron.

This was crude, immature stuff. The later, more intelligent development of Peronist policy towards Chile was revealed in 1946 through a confidential letter which had been written to General Peron by the military adviser to the Bolivian dictator, Villarroel, and which fell into the hands of the democratic Bolivian press after Villarroel's downfall. It emerged from this letter that Peron had been discussing how to exercise on Chile such pressure as would compel her to cede to Bolivia a section of her Northern Provinces, and to give to Argentina the Magellan Strait. The eventual idea was that Chile should become a member of the "United States of the Andes." It is a moot point how seriously this letter should be taken; but the fact remains that, during 1946, Peron was working hard to infiltrate the economy of Chile. Though rich in agricultural resources, Argentina is very poor in minerals. Chile, not even self-sufficient in foodstuffs, has immense deposits of copper, nitrate, iron ore and coal and sulphur. These resources, linked with Bolivian tin, would make an economic coalition of Argentina, Chile and Bolivia powerful enough to dominate Latin America.

By December, 1946, Peron hoped that he had secured the assent of the Chilean Government to a customs union. This projected union also provided for the formation of a corporation to handle the investment of Argentine capital in basic Chilean industries such as hydro-electric power, steel and fertilisers. (Argentina had at that time a large dollar reserve left from the war years, and promised an investment of some $200,000,000.) The agreement, however, met with opposition in the Chilean Congress, and was so whittled away by amendments that it became little more than a dead letter. But this was only the beginning of the story. In October, 1948, a military plot, in Chile, to overthrow the Left-wing Government of Gonzalez Videla was discovered and frustrated. During the trial it transpired that the "brain" behind the plot was the Argentine Consul in Concepcion. Working with the First Secretary of the Argentine Embassy in Santiago, he had been trying to "indoctrinate" young officers of the army and air force with Peronist ideas.

So far, General Peron's activities in Chile had proved abortive; and nothing came of the agitation against the Government which his agents worked up in connection with the alleged "kidnapping" of two prominent trade union leaders in Santiago in August, 1952. The victory, however, of General Ibañez in the Chilean Presidential elections next month was indirectly a triumph for Peron. Tons of printed propaganda for Ibañez were distributed through Argentine Consulates in Chile; and, though his opponents—a discredited, corrupt Radical Party, and a reactionary Conservative coalition—denounced this "intervention from abroad," Ibañez won an easy majority. His first step was to instruct the new Foreign Minister, a prominent leader of the pre-war Chilean Nazi Party, to negotiate for closer economic union between Chile and Argentina.

Meanwhile, persistent Peronist propaganda in Chile was beginning to produce effects. Early in 1953, Maria de la Cruz, who was suspected of aspirations to become a second Eva Peron, and who became famous for comparing General Peron to Christ, was elected, by a substantial majority, Senator for Santiago. She proceeded to buy a popular daily in Santiago and to use it for pro-Peron propaganda—thus reinforcing the activities of Peron's news agency *Agencia Latina*, which offers its services free of charge to all Latin American dailies. Nevertheless, the project of "economic union" once again failed to materialise. General Peron overreached himself. In an interview which he gave to a Chilean journalist a few days before his visit to Chile in February, 1953, he declared that an economic union was not enough: a complete political union between Chile and Argentina was necessary. This statement was badly received by the Chilean public; and in the Parliamentary elections next month the Ibañez Government lost many seats. Eventually this second attempt at economic union suffered the fate of its predecessor: it was amended to death by the Chilean Congress, whose attitude to Argentina was rendered more suspicious by the clumsy efforts which General Peron had made, during his visit, to bribe the leaders of the two disunited factions of the "feminist" party to coalesce in the interests of Peronism.

Since then, General Peron has undoubtedly regained lost popularity and influence in Santiago. The Chilean public has always realised that, basically, the case for closer economic union with Argentina is strong. Moreover, the Congress that voted down the union plan in 1953 has led the country into a critical economic situation. Prices are soaring, strikes are rife, clashes between police and trade union demonstrations are frequent, and the whole atmosphere is one of simmering discontent which has now led to virtual "martial law." As for Brazil, though the administration is now temporarily in the hands of a clerical-bourgeois (and anti-Peronist) coalition, the economic crisis and social unrest which make Rio de Janeiro a tinder-box for revolution still remain. Peron's success in the past—the installation of Paz Estensoro in the Bolivian Presidency and the revolution which he engineered in Paraguay, and which placed Frederico Chavez in power—show what "intervention" can achieve in the right conditions. If he can play the "anti-imperialist" card skilfully, posing as the only man able to oppose *Yanqui* encroachments, many democrats in Latin America may come to believe that the demogogic dictator in Buenos Aires is the only man capable of creating what the Popular Front movement and Apra failed to create—a strong bulwark against "exploitation" by the U.S. With the Communist parties outlawed, the Socialists disorganised and persecuted, and the Left-centre parties discredited for corruption and inefficiency, the General may well find that the eyes of the Latin American working class are slowly turning to him—in despair.

London Diary

THE appointment of Sir Robert Fraser as Director-General of the Independent Television Authority is interesting and odd. The Tories have made a choice which Mr. Herbert Morrison might have made if he had been in favour of sponsored television instead of vehemently against it. Morrison has in fact been Sir Robert's consistent sponsor. He turned to Fraser for advice when he was liquidating the Ministry of Information and lopping the overseas services which were Britain's prestige legacy from the war. He made him Director-General of the Central Office of Information, with the rank of permanent under-secretary and the appropriate knighthood. If the Beaverbrook press had wanted, it could easily have used Fraser's career to illustrate its favourite "success" theory. Instead it attacks his appointment on the ground that he is "a Socialist stalwart." It chooses to tell it that way. Fraser is an Australian, and, when I first knew him at the London School of Economics about thirty years ago, he was already the most cautious and respectable of Labour supporters. He was, for a time, a leader writer on the *Daily Herald*, and had the unfortunate experience of being put in charge of the new weekly *Clarion*, which died after a few weeks mainly because it lacked Blatchford's red corpuscles. It was dropped at once when Odhams had spent a large sum of money on advertising it. (Its hope of survival, of course, depended on Odhams being willing, steadily and for a long time, to finance it at a loss.) Fraser was one of the 999 who moved into the Ministry of Information at the outbreak of war, most of which he spent as Director of Publications. In 1945, like Gaitskell, Harold Wilson, and others, who had distinguished themselves as war-time civil servants, he had the choice of fighting the election or leaving politics. He would probably have won at Wellingborough, where he was prospective candidate; and in that case he would almost certainly have obtained a Ministerial job. He was too prudent to run the risk; he renounced politics, and became Director-General of the C.O.I. with a salary of £3,500 a year. Since then he has not shown any undue partiality for Socialism. The only criticism I have occasionally heard of him is that he has so powerfully played devil's advocate against the Left that he often appears to have convinced himself, if not always his colleagues.

I don't know how many wireless sets there are in Siam, but I hear from Siamese friends that Pridi's recent article in the *People's Daily*, broadcast by Peking, was clearly heard on the weakest set. Pridi, as you may remember, is the Siamese who led the pro-Allied resistance movement in his country, co-operating secretly with the British during the Japanese occupation. Lord Mountbatten paid a high tribute to him when he came to London at the end of the war. I had looked forward to meeting Pridi in Bangkok where he was later Prime Minister. Alas, he was in exile—in Singapore. But I found everybody talking about him; he was able, patriotic, democratic, and liberal-minded. And many Siamese, including Ministers, were ashamed when Pridi was accused, on no evidence whatever, of having murdered the young King in June, 1946. During the past few years, Pridi has been reported in one country after another. The mystery is now solved. He and his wife are in Peking. His recent article in the Chinese press, of which I have now seen a fuller account, suggests that his views remain what they have always been; he stressed the need for co-existence. India and Burma, he wrote, had different ideologies but could co-operate. He wants to see a Government in Bangkok which would make an agreement with Chou En-lai, similar to that which he signed in Delhi and Rangoon. Appealing to the people to overthrow the Pibun regime, he remarked that they could develop their own resources and their own spiritual stature at a faster rate by such a policy than by becoming an American satellite. It is as well that we know where Pridi stands. The Seato Agreement commits us to "consult" about how to resist "subversion" in Siam. It is well to remember that to most Siamese Pridi is not a Communist but a patriot.

* * *

The odd thing about the Hutchinson "obscene libel" case at the Old Bailey last Friday is that a novel (*September in Quinze*) that the Recorder considered "repugnant to every decent emotion" should have been reviewed, with no such strictures, by the *Observer*, the *Lady*, the *Queen*, *Britannia and Eve*, and *John O' London's Weekly*. Not that these reviews ever got before the jury. Mr. Frank Milton, who took the preliminary proceedings at Marlborough Street on July 26, and decided that the case must go before a jury, held that the reviews were admissible as showing what kind of readers the novel might be expected to reach. Last Friday, the Recorder held that they were not. Mr. Richard Church was in Court to say that he wrote the *John O' London* notice—and got as far as saying it in the witness box, but was not allowed to repeat what he had written. (Mr. Church, by the way, had to listen in the witness box to a fifteen-minute argument about his own admissibility, and no one offered him a chair.) In the event the jury found the book "obscene." It's a compendious word, to judge from the company in which some of our reputable publishers are now being pilloried. If you want to start a really lively conversation at the dinner table ask someone to define obscenity.

* * *

No one need grudge Lyons & Co. the news space and editorial comment which the press has given them to celebrate their Diamond Jubilee this week. For Lyons have become a national institution. They don't actually claim to be the inventors of the British "cuppa," but I doubt if anyone would dispute their claim to be pioneers, when, at the Newcastle Jubilee Exhibition in 1887, they served "good tea at 2*d*. per pot instead of 3*d*. per cup." They now sell 280 million meals a year, and are, I understand, "the world's largest food and catering organisation." But size is not the point. The fact is that, when they began sixty years ago, a woman doing her shopping in London was unlikely to find any decent place for light refreshment. The coffee shops and eating houses were dismal, dirty, and not frequented by virtuous females. A complete social history of Britain could be written round the development of Lyons, their rivals, and imitators. I believe myself that a new stage has been reached; a large public would appreciate today something as varied, cheerful and dainty as you will find in Scandinavia, but, as an M.P. who travels much about the country speaking said to me the other day, "it is a great thing to know, when you reach some provincial city and have half an hour to eat before a meeting, that you will find a Joe Lyons to provide you with something that is clean, inexpensive and agreeable to eat."

* * *

After the chain letter, the "pyramid club." No less fatuous in principle; identical in motive—i.e., what the Home Secretary, referring to "patriotic" chain letters in April, 1942, called "the exploitation of the credulous by the fraudulent"; but rather more undesirable, since the "pyramid" stooges are brought into excited and promiscuous contact at parties attended by the criminal fringe, whereas the chain-letter dupes don't know each other. You pay half a crown to attend your first pyramid party. You promise to take two friends (with half-crowns) the next time—and so, in due course, do they; and on the twelfth occasion, by dint of similar recruitment and giving parties yourself, you have "reached the top of the list and are paid off. You hold open house and 128 people will come and hand you eight half-crowns. You will then retire from the whole thing with a houseful of empty bottles and a couple of tons of half-crowns." I'm told there are sometimes 3,000 of these parties going on in London at once, and the reported uneasiness of Scotland Yard about them is no doubt well-founded. They have been a feature of American city life for some years, but over there the craze is said to be nearly spent. A legal friend assures me that, in his opinion, they are as clearly prohibited in this country by the Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934, as chain letters have several times been held to be by the courts. The argument is that the completion of a pyramid depends entirely on the chance that not one person will ever drop out, the odds against this being astronomical, but calculable. It seems to have needed the murder of a girl going home from a pyramid party to bring the police to the point of action.

* * *

Heredity—a long line of "inevitable" Cecils, Stanleys and the like—used to be a constant factor in Tory Cabinet-making. But noble birth, if we are to believe the *Economist*, is no longer a valid passport to office—at any rate in the Labour Party. On the new basis, apparently, of "vocational heredity," the next Labour Foreign Secretary, in Mr. Crowther's opinion, should be another ex-Secretary of the Transport & General Workers Union. Mr. Attlee is urged to designate for the F.O. the man who has proved that he can scatter "Pollitt's rabbits." In short, Mr. Arthur Deakin's "own brand of robust leadership" is "indispensable" for the guidance of Britain's foreign policy when Labour returns to power. Picking Cabinets for your political opponents is, of course, great fun, but this seems an odd choice: Mr. Deakin is not credited with any intimate knowledge of international affairs. But perhaps the *Economist* holds that a Labour Foreign Secretary has less need to be a diplomat than a reliable Sergeant-Major to discipline the Left wing—a sort of Minister, not of the Exterior, but of the Interior.

CRITIC

MOTHER GOOSE A LA MODE

The British Association has discussed Nursery Rhymes.

1

This little pig went to Moscow,
This little pig stayed at home.
This little pig got vodka.
This little pig had none.
This little pig cried, "Peace! Peace!"
all the way home.

2

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where do you meander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
Dropping propaganda.

3

Peace-pudding hot,
Peace-pudding cold,
Peace-pudding in the pot
Nine years old.

4

Who killed E.D.C.?
"I did," said France,
"I can't take the chance,
I killed E.D.C."
All the Strasbourg States bemoaned lost opportunity,
When they heard of the death of the Defence Community.

5

Old man Chou
Led a very Red crew,
And a very old Red was he;
He said "I plan
To take Taiwan
For Taiwan belongs to me!"

6

I had a little olive tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a thorn, a thistle,
And a prickly pear.
And every little stranger
Who came to visit me
Brought a thorn, a thistle,
From *his* little olive tree.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Housing Committee at Accrington (Lancs) are asking the council to agree to send the bailiffs when council tenants fall more than three weeks behind with the rent. If the scheme is approved a bailiff will call and make a list of the furniture. It will all be done politely and discreetly. The bailiff will wear a neat, quiet lounge suit.—*Daily Mirror*. (S. Wilkinson.)

A schoolmistress said at Ilford County Court last Wednesday that she did not like seeing men's short underwear on a clothes-line, and also objected to seeing men's pyjamas hanging in an "indiscreet" way on the line. It caused her embarrassment to see them.—*Ilford Guardian*. (V. R. Carter.)

Father —— was first and foremost a Christian gentleman. This inevitably separated him from some of his closest friends.—*Wandsworth Borough News*. (D. S. Amos.)

The British . . . would *like* to be polite, but too often politeness might make them too conspicuous.—Letter in *Daily Express*. (O. Fisher.)

Sadism for Kids

DR. WERTHAM'S *Seduction of the Innocent** is a terrifying book. Grouped together in the middle are sixteen pages of illustrations taken from American children's comics. They include a front page showing with every realistic nuance an un-American type choking in a noose. Others include a motor-car dragging two living people to their death. A gloating face above rejoices in the fact that no one will be able to identify "the meat" after the faces are "erased." In other pictures a woman is having her eye put out with a needle; a man having his face crashed in with a nailed boot; girls are about to be raped, in one case with a red-hot poker. One blonde girl points delightedly to the hanging bodies of Negroes. A page is devoted to a chart showing how a man can best be hurt by having his eyes gouged out, his temple or stomach kicked, his throat or nose smashed with suitable blows and, indeed, how every vulnerable spot, except one, can be effectively attacked. This male figure wears trunks and the child is not instructed to kick him in the groin.

Such illustrations are apparently not exceptional in the majority of the 90 million comics now sold every month to American children. Most of them are read by children, though many young soldiers, like thousands of children, read nothing else. Nor is this astonishing feast of entertainment only enjoyed by American children. Almost all these American comics are now on sale in England. The import of American comics is not allowed in this country, but English publishers buy the matrices from America, and the most horrific and sadistic types can now be obtained in the side streets of London and other English towns. Respectable distributors have rules forbidding their sale, but, in practice, the managers of bookstalls frequently keep them conveniently under the counter. The difference between the United States and Britain is that here the "traditional" type of comics (which include such decent publications as *The Eagle* and *Girl*), are still the great majority, while in America "good" comics are now a small minority.

Dr. Wertham's experience in this field is clearly unrivalled. He has long fought against the huge vested interest (which includes the paper pulp companies) in the sale of comics. His chief difficulty has been to convince enough parents and public representatives that comics are responsible for much of the cult of violence which decent American parents today find horrifying. He provides ample proof in this book. Young children charged with crimes that were almost unknown to juvenile courts in the past, are found with libraries of 40 or 50 comics. Many children spend all their spare time in a condition of terrified excitement, brooding over some particular comic that appeals to passions usually reprobated in adults and certainly uncharacteristic of childhood. There are numerous examples of children tortured, hanged, killed or stabbed in direct imitation of events in comics. In response to public protest crime comics are now headed "Crime does not pay": they end with the gangster being electrocuted or dying some other violent death. Dr. Wertham points out that the cops are represented just as sadistically as the hoodlums, and that twenty pages glorifying violence are not wiped out by one last picture in which the hoodlum comes to a bloody end. The effect of this hypocrisy is not to teach them that violence and crime are cowardly and anti-social but that the boy who gets caught is not sufficiently smart.

Dr. Wertham is particularly convincing on the subject of Superman, supported with ghastly logic by Superboy and Wonder Woman. His illustrations prove only too terribly that a Nazi ideology is being continuously and deliberately inculcated. It is correct to inflict any kind of violence and torture on Negroes, Chinese, "ape men," Jews, Indians, Japs, Slavs and Wops. All these are regularly shown in the comics as having "irregular features, swarthy skins, physical deformities" while Superman is tall, blonde, regular-featured and has at his side a young blonde girl with super-breasts (usually known as "headlights").

Americans who want to stop this vast perversion are defeated by two groups of opponents whose self-delusions and hypocrisies fill a large proportion of Dr. Wertham's book. In the first place, the comic publishing industry is immensely rich, well organised and entirely unscrupulous. Pseudo psychological experts daily repeat that no evidence exists that comics do children harm. In thus contradicting the evidence they rely mainly on such plausible arguments as that healthy children have always read about violence from nursery tales to "westerns"; that it fits a certain stage of their lives and that they grow up to be interested in other things, while those who are morbidly affected by reading of violence are in any case mentally unstable and pre-conditioned to acts of violence. Is anyone really impressed by this comparison of Mother Goose and Henty with pictures of girls being tied up with ropes and tortured and of men being shot in the stomach—so that "they will have longer to enjoy it," as one comic says?

The answer, if one is necessary, is briefly that small boys do pass through a "cops and robbers," catapults and adventure stories stage, but that there is no evidence whatever that they have any instinctive urge to translate into fact sadistic fantasies about girls. Moreover, in a normal society, parents and teachers offer them, as they grow into adolescence, alternative interests in place of the purely playtime world of fairy stories and big-game shooting. What should remain from an aggressive schoolboy phase is the duty to be brave in face of danger and to protect those who are less strong than themselves. Adventure is not incompatible with a decent code of behaviour. Many American parents, quoted by Dr. Wertham, understand this. They find themselves helplessly struggling in an atmosphere created by the comics, and spilling over into television and films. When every child at school is fed with murder and rape how can your own child's mind be free from horrors and a false sense of values? To say, as these experts (usually in the pay of the comics industry) constantly assert, that the comics have no effect on the children, but merely fulfil their instinctive life, is exactly like saying that there is no harm in feeding your children on poison because they get to like it and therefore show that they instinctively need it. Dr. Wertham is exactly right when he says, with the evidence of hundreds of unhappy neurotic children behind him, that the effect of the comic is not to remove aggressive tendencies in children but to remove their inhibitions.

One of the least honest arguments used for these comics is that they lead on to interest in more serious literature. By way of proof it is adduced that sometimes the world's great classics are used by the comics. *King Lear*, for instance, can be made into a comic book, it seems, only if it contains a realistic picture of Gloucester having his eyes gouged out. (Injury to the eyes is part of the current formula of the comics.) Nothing of Shakespeare is left. The evidence is that there is a steady deterioration in the reading capacity of American children and a high proportion of American adults who are now illiterate, if illiteracy means being unable to read anything more subtle than the words in the balloons of comics. In a terribly memorable phrase, Dr. Wertham quotes an American publisher who says that *we are re-tooling for illiteracy*.

I come now to the second of the great forces against which Dr. Wertham has been struggling. It is the force of public apathy, encouraged by many sincere and doctrinaire American liberals. I talked the other day with one of the most respected and rightly loved of these wrong-headed friends of the comic publishers. He said that censorship was always evil. I agreed with him that official censorship of adult literature is usually silly, or worse. He thought that parents would look after their children's welfare and that legislation about comics would do nothing but harm. He maintained the illusion that somehow it was more natural and more the mark of a free country to allow private interests to seduce children than to censor their reading matter. How can such a thesis be maintained? Is not the education and protection of children one of the prime functions of their elders, and does not the nature of their education fall within the sphere of the State even in the view of the most doctrinaire liberal? There is nothing "natural" at all about this exploitation of innocence. It is a commercial dictatorship and Dr. Wertham gives various examples of writers and artists and booksellers who have been revolted by being forced to supply this muck to children. A few have even refused to do so at the expense of their livelihood.

Sadism is the most vicious aspect of obscenity. No harm is done to society by teaching, even if somewhat irresponsibly, the beauty and happiness that may come from the sexual relations of men and women. In the West commercial interests are allowed to cover our walls with an endless titillation of sexual appetite. This can be defended on the ground that the evils of censorship are greater. But to apply this to children's books is senseless. Those who want the civilisation of the West to be destroyed could not have imagined a subtler or a swifter method of undermining it than to pervert a whole generation of children; to give them an immoral instead of a moral upbringing; to teach them that love is ugly, that brutality is manly, and that everything that Christ taught is "cissie." Finally a quote from Dr. Wertham:—

> The atmosphere of crime comic books is unparalleled in the history of children's literature of any time or any nation. It is a distillation of viciousness. The world of the comic book is the world of the strong, the ruthless, the bluffer, the shrewd deceiver, the torturer and the thief. All the emphasis is on exploits where somebody takes advantage of somebody else, violently, sexually, or threateningly. It is no more the world of braves and squaws, but one of punks and molls. Force and violence in any conceivable form are romanticized. Constructive and creative forces in children are channelled by comic books into destructive avenues. Trust, loyalty, confidence, solidarity, sympathy, charity, compassion are ridiculed. Hostility and hate set the pace of almost every story. A natural scientist who had looked over comic books expressed this to me tersely, "In comic books life is worth nothing; there is no dignity of a human being."

This Nazi morality is now also being fed to English children. Can magistrates be persuaded that sadism and horror, especially when offered to children, may be properly included in any definition of obscenity? Can British parents be roused to action in time before the vested interests in child seduction are too powerful?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

* *Seduction of the Innocent*. By F. WERTHAM, M.D. (*Rhinehart, New York*).

So They Say . . .

BEACHCOMBER once described his pleasure at "browsing on the sunny southern slopes of J. L. Garvin's article." Those who read the popular Sunday press have less placid experiences; their emotions are stimulated by carefully calculated shocks which, to judge by circulation figures, feed their appetite for still stronger sensations. Each paper, of course, has its own formula. (It would be most interesting to know why one household prefers to take in the *Dispatch, People* and *Pictorial*, while its neighbour has the *Empire News, Chronicle* and *Express*.) Yet, despite differences of taste, and treatment, designed to appeal to a range of social groups, the ingredients of crime, sex, sport, gossip and fashions are common to all the popular papers.

All Sunday papers—including the two serious threepenny-halfpennies — are now magazines rather than *news* papers. With many of the editorial staff part-timers who work elsewhere in the week, they have to "create" a lead story, sometimes two or three days in advance. Last Sunday, for instance, the *Observer* ran seven foreign news stories on its front page (Eden Plan, Spaak at Strasbourg, Formosa, Dulles, Arabs, Vietnam and Piccioni) and not one home item of any importance; the *Sunday Times* gave its first three columns to stories on Germany, and made a speech by Mr. Macmillan its main home news. Now contrast the headlines from popular papers:

POLICE WATCH FRONTIER FOR BABY PATINO (*Empire News*). MR. WHITE V. FORTY TERRORISTS (*Dispatch*). PATINO BABY—NEW MYSTERY (*Express*). GET THIS MAN AT ALL COSTS (*Reynolds*). MOST AMAZING THEFT IN SEA HISTORY (*People*). 13 CHILDREN DIE BY FIRE (*News of the World*). PYRAMIDS: YARD WARN (*Chronicle*).

The *Pictorial* devoted its front page to the most obviously "created" story of the week-end. "Dangerous Voices" was a solemn warning to the Labour Party that "at least twenty speeches will be heard" at Scarborough "which will have been written deliberately by Communist Party members . . . sympathisers and supporters." The speeches, it hinted, "will be pulled out of bulging brief cases" and may "well have been written" by a named Communist.

Secondly, for the popular Sunday papers, crime is news, even if it is three or four days old. A count of these papers showed reports of twenty-two different types of crime. Sex offences topped the list, with nine references; murder came next, with seven; there were three marriage frauds, three attempted murders, three escaped criminals, three theft cases, two burglaries, one kidnapping, and two examples of cruelty to children. Among the "sundries," there was the superb case of the policeman who fought single-handedly in Hyde Park against ten prostitutes and nine of their coloured "bodyguards." The *News of the World* produced the headline of the week: "Country Lanes Must Be Made Safe For All."

Last week-end the fortunate sub-editors were able to tie in the Townsend murder in Ruislip with the "pyramid party" craze, since the victim had been attacked on her way home from a "pyramid." The *Chronicle*, which had got off to a flying start the previous week by denouncing this "new social menace" had induced "the Yard" to state that such parties "can be the happy hunting ground of all sorts of criminals—thieves, sex maniacs, and even murderers." The *Pictorial* took the same line, warning its readers to "beware of the Soho spivs, 'get-rich-quick' operators and Call Girl syndicates." Just to make sure that the evils of crime were digested with the roast lamb, the *Empire News* ran a feature on young prostitutes, the *People* published the confessions of London's "gang boss," and the *Dispatch* continued its serial exposure of Maundy Gregory: "He offered to sell a knighthood for £10,000."

Much space, naturally, was given to sport, with the pool tipsters taking pride of place. The magazine sections also catered lavishly for those seeking vicarious entry into high life and the entertainment world, with the *Pictorial* and *Graphic* going all out on the Aly Khan and the Windsors respectively. What can only be described as the "aren't-we-humans-strange?" department supplied much copy, *Reynolds* giving "the odd things people do" a whole page, and the *Express* treating Mrs. Maclean in much the same style.

In this formula, politics finds its place in editorials which seem to announce that they are not intended to be read, and commentators' columns that run to prophecies and diagnoses that more properly belong in the astrological features which jostle the thousand pound crosswords and fashion articles. "The world," the popular Sundays seem to be saying to their relieved readers, "can wait till Monday."

QUEEQUEG

The Village that Gave Itself to God

IN the United Provinces, even a famous village is difficult to find. For several hours, our jeep had been trundling along blurred paths through the treeless plain. Then, a river obstructed. "We have arrived," said Karanbhai, relieved. Seeing nothing, we waded through the shallows, climbed the steep red cliff on the other shore—and there we were, thrust into a reception fit for Rama: the six hundred villagers had turned out to a man and, a riot of drums and cymbals and conches at our heels, we were swept towards a lavishly draped chariot with twenty pairs of bullocks to draw us along the last mile of our journey.

They were used to welcoming guests. Before our arrival, they had had other visitors, from as far afield as Delhi—social workers, journalists, even a diplomat—for, having given all its lands to Vinoba Bhave, the village of Mangroth had made history. Or rather, it had re-emerged into history; for a hundred years ago it had been a town with a population of 20,000, but after some disaster in the Mutiny the town had faded out, leaving behind only a whitewashed fort, the residence of an old family of zemindars, to gather around it the mud huts which had sprung up, irrepressibly, from the dead site.

Karanbhai, who was in charge of Vinoba's Bhoodan movement in the United Provinces, gave an account of recent developments to our party of observers. The Mangroth story had begun in the fort: for Diwan Sahib, the zemindar, had been canvassing land reforms in the village even before Bhoodan came into existence, and when Vinoba came to Mangroth, in 1952, to ask for land for the poor in the name of God, the ground had been prepared. After two days and nights of deliberation, the villagers, headed by Diwan Sahib, offered up all their lands to the Saint, and slogans were painted on the walls of the huts: "All land belongs to God," they ran, in large, tumbling letters, and: "Long live Saint Vinoba." The offering was accepted, the villagers signed the Gift Deeds distributed to them and sent them on to Vinoba and his workers, who had meanwhile resumed their pilgrimage.

But it remained a symbolic gesture for many months, and things continued as before. A social worker from Wardha came to stay for a while, but the villagers were suspicious of the reform schemes whereby he tried to make them redeem their pledge, and, not liking him, did nothing. In fact, they were beginning to have second thoughts: what might ultimately be demanded of them? How were they going to live, and find money for their daughters' dowries? Were they really all landless now, as the villagers from the neighbourhood maliciously suggested, not having themselves taken any generous risks? But while the men were arguing about the theory of the case, the women remained firm. "We have given our lands to a Saint," they said, "and we should certainly be punished if we revoked the gift."

And they prevailed. A year later, Karanbhai arrived at the village and, the tide of goodwill having mysteriously returned, things began to move. He had brought with him all the Gift Deeds, offering to return them. When the offer was refused, he set the uneasy villagers to work as trustees of their own gift; presently, a Village Welfare Council was elected to decide, first of all, upon three alternatives of farming: collective, co-operative or individual. A compromise emerged. One-third of the villagers, including Diwan Sahib, joined in a fully fledged collective—Parivar, the Family, it was called—and those who had been landless were absorbed in it.

The rest chose individual farming, and previous holdings were slightly modified, to introduce as much equality as the villagers would accept.

On the day after our arrival, I went out into the sesame fields to see the Family at work. Bindraban, one of last night's cart drivers, came to meet me, smiling. He had had no land before, and now he was well satisfied. Like all the other collective workers, he received no wages, but food and clothes were distributed as rations from the common pool. No work—no rations, of course, unless there was a good reason for being absent. The other day, one of the young men had stayed away. He had no shoes, he said, when questioned, and they provided him with a pair. When he still did not attend work the next morning, they stopped his rations: within a day, he was back.

But where Bindraban's worries ended, those of the Village Council, deliberating in the Diwan's courtyard, began: they were only just finding out how many problems there were. They had decided to switch cultivation from sesame and other cash crops to foodgrains and to become self-sufficient; but to do that they would need more water, and how were they going to find the 70,000 rupees for a tube well? Then, there was soil erosion: they had edged the steep gulleys at the back of the village with wooden plinths, linked by a fence of twigs until a hedge grew to hold the crumbling soil: but would it outlast the rains? Village industries were to be revived; they were making their own shoes now, sturdy things recalling a rhinoceros' muzzle—but how to work the handlooms so long discarded?

And there were other difficulties. Even with Vinoba as landlord and the village community as trustee, some of the holdings were much better than others, and the individual farmers were better off than the Family. The Diwan, a Tolstoyan patriarch of splendid bearing, was much grieved at this persistence of inequality, and he had suggested to the villagers that they should now take another plunge and share all their possessions in true communist fashion. "But they don't seem to like the idea," he said, sadly. "No," said Karanbhai, "we mustn't do too much at once. A little at a time." It was a gamble, and disconcerting rumours kept drifting in from the neighbouring villages. Nevertheless, Mangroth had earned its fame: it certainly was a most exceptional village.

EVELYN REYNOLDS

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Lady in a Mask

DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL is efficiently grammatical in the astringent speeches she delivers from the Despatch Box. Not prone, on the public platform, to flights of romantic imagery, she has a ramrod back and holds her head high: the voice does not stumble. Dr. Edith handing out her carefully documented precise and unsympathetic brand of moral indignation is a formidable figure.

This carefully fashioned composite of confidence and assurance is a fabrication. If one watches Dr. Summerskill closely when she rises to speak, one catches a momentary glimpse of Edith. The Summerskill voice in the opening sentences is grim and aggressive, but Edith's hands clasped so primly in front of her tailored two-piece, are trembling violently. The Summerskill mouth is drawn down at the corners, giving a clipped monotony to her voice, but only because it is held rigid in determination. One suddenly sees that Edith is a little afraid. Her heart is obviously palpitating. One effect of a palpitating heart, unless it is constricted by superior willpower, is a palpitation of words on the tongue which can so easily overspill into nervous, untidy, even ungrammatical, utterance. So the whole strength of Dr. Summerskill is mobilised to deal with the timorous Edith. Then, when Edith is quite vanquished, the hands cease to tremble, and the mouth relaxes even though it does not soften. Now and again, but rarely, a flashing, public smile breaks through. The public mask of the public woman is fixed firmly in place over the nervous private personality.

The mere fact that anyone should claim to detect such soft effeminacy behind the politician would, of course, be a terrible affront to Dr. Summerskill. She would see it, and rightly, as further illustration of the injustice of a masculine world. For Attlee and Bevan and Morrison are as palpably nervous when they open a speech, but no one, noticing this, uses it to assess their masculinity. Why then, Dr. Summerskill would demand, should nervousness on her part be taken as a proof that she is after all a womanly woman, not far removed from the girlish girl?

Dr. Edith has only herself to blame if observers are tempted towards this sort of analysis. She has made of herself the vanguard of the militant feminists, and so it is impossible to ignore the fact that she is, after all, a woman. She is rather insistent upon it, herself. She has been prominent in demands for equal pay and is an enthusiastic protagonist of wages for wives. Twice in this Parliament she has sponsored a Woman's Disability Bill designed to embody the principle that a woman should have a right to a fair share of the income and household goods of the man with whom she lives. When the Labour Party Delegation dined with the Soviet leaders recently she rose to give a toast to Russian women. She was ostentatiously pleased to discover that there were more women than men at Moscow University.

These fairly routine expressions of feminism, however, are only the light cavalry brushes in Dr. Summerskill's struggle. The main engagement she fights all the time merely by being the most successful of contemporary women politicians. She was fighting for her sex when she stood at the Despatch Box answering questions as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food. She was fighting when, as Minister of National Insurance, she attended Cabinet committees. The continuing battle determines the role she plays as a member of the National Executive of the Labour Party. Admittedly other women have sat on the Executive, have held Ministerial office, and have become Privy Councillors. But no other woman to achieve this trilogy of political success has, at the same time, been a successful wife and mother. It is not enough to prove that some women without outside interests can succeed—it must also be proved that the wife and mother can succeed, and this Dr. Edith sets out to do. She feels the responsibility heavily; and the strain of it has left its mark on her face and her demeanour, has robbed her of her beauty and left her sternly handsome.

The position is no doubt difficult. A male can make a fool of himself through political inanity, personal impetuosity, or by simple lack of "what it takes"; if he fails, he betrays no one but himself. But Dr. Edith acts, from the minute she applies her carefully nondescript lipstick to the moment she does whatever she does with her hair before retiring, as though a failure on her part would have disastrous effects on the struggle for the emancipation of wives and mothers. She sees herself as the image in *Excelsior*—not as the youth who struggled through snow and ice, but as the banner itself with its strange device. So far she has succeeded. Her slips have never shown for long. Once she was popularly credited with having said that margarine was indistinguishable from butter: thirty million more sensitive palates asked: "Who the devil is she to say what I can taste?" She angered other people by implying that mousetrap cheese was good enough for anybody—making the nation feel uncomfortably as though its mother had told it to eat up its rice pudding. But she quickly recovered from these minor indiscretions.

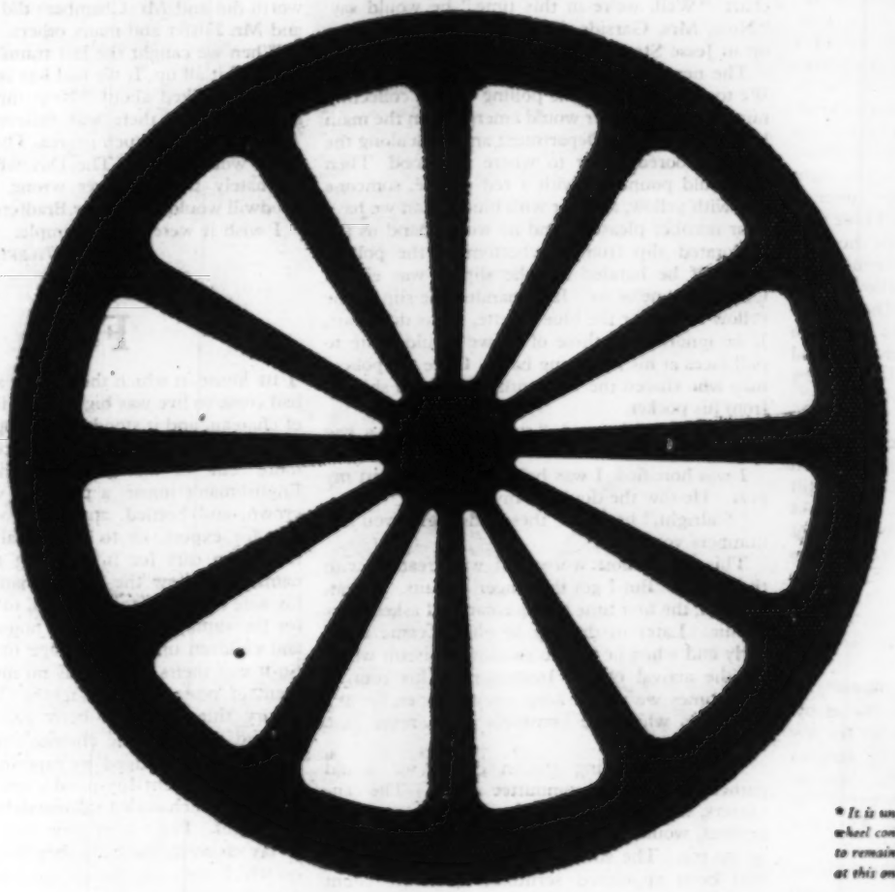
It is desperate hard luck, however, that her struggle has not met with more vocal support from the womanly masses. Women from her own rather sophisticated middle-class and university background (her father was a successful East End doctor) are rude about her hats. Not without reason. They are an unsuccessful compromise between feminine whimsy and what the successful business girl should wear. Women politicians of slightly lesser stature are jealous. And the ordinary wife and mother finds her aloof, devoid of the ordinary backchat of domesticity but obviously knowledgeable—so much so that she is prone to lecture. Her love of humanity is too obviously antiseptic and sanitary. She shows no affection for the humanity of the four ale bar, the humanity that gossips in huddles at the municipal wash-house or the Co-op. She is ready, however, to love well-scrubbed tuberculin-tested babies.

It is this that brought her into the Labour Party. As she once said in a B.B.C. political broadcast, she was moved and horrified as a young doctor by the conditions she found one day in assisting at the birth of the child of an unemployed man and his wife. She was a genuine and very sincere sort of convert. Whatever she made of the trade unionists, housewives, idealists, between-war-pacifists and worthy folk whom she met in the Labour Party, she worked hard with them and she impressed them. She became candidate for Putney at a bye-election in 1934, when she greatly reduced the Conservative majority. She won a bye-election at West Fulham in 1938, after a sparkling campaign which became the focus of a clash between the Left-wing anti-Fascist forces and the Chamberlainite appeasers. It was a significant victory, and Dr. Edith's car was hauled triumphantly through the festive streets. She has held Fulham ever since, and Fulham has the greatest possible respect for her.

She became a Junior Minister in 1945 and was a success. She deserved her office and her subsequent promotion, for she was very adept at giving an impression of busy efficiency. Indeed she was very, very efficient; but no one could be quite as efficient as she managed to look. She was quick and terse in decision and answer. She moved in, and dominated, an entourage of women secretaries and male Departmental officials. She breathed a brisk competence and she thoroughly enjoyed herself. Since the debates on rearmament within the Labour Party, she has ranged herself on the side of Herbert Morrison and Hugh Gaitskell in uncompromising anti-Bevanism. In verbal exchanges her rancour and animosity against Bevan and some of his intimates have been stronger than would have been warranted by political differences alone. This might be an expression of her loyalty to the elected leadership. It might be because she owes her seat on the National Executive to the block vote of the big unions. But the reason probably goes deeper—in the more feminine personality of Edith. For once, they say, Aneurin Bevan was extremely, and woundingly, offensive to her. Strong men have flinched at Bevan's whip cracks. Edith suffered, and from then onwards Dr. Summerskill has been determined to pay him back.

Yet Dr. Edith Summerskill has now no need of bitterness: it only adds to the popular image of a formidable female. It was perhaps at one time necessary to create this image but, having achieved success, she could now afford to soften the edges. For there is another person. There is the wife of Dr. Samuel, who is a devoted supporter of his wife's career and is himself one of the pleasantest personalities to be encountered in political circles. Dr. Summerskill may scare her colleagues: Dr. Samuel's wife is a very likeable woman.

A lot of spokes in our wheel*



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Voting Day

THE advantage of being a child in a politically conscious family was that it added to the number of annual events which could be enjoyed in anticipation and preparation. There was Christmas. There was the Birthday. And there was Voting Day.

The fact that my parents were active in the Labour Party was present every day of the year. The world, which at that time consisted of a municipal housing estate and a grey stone elementary school on the side of Bradford that begins to rise towards the moors, was divided into two kinds of people, Labour and the rest. To be Labour was not a political, economic or doctrinal affiliation. It was, quite simply, to be for the right against the wrong. It was a faith, the common acceptance of which made one belong. Those who did not belong were, somehow, not quite the same as the rest of us. We would meet them as we walked with our parents round Chellow Dene reservoir on cold Sunday afternoons. They would raise their hats to Mother, say "'Ow do?" to Father, to which he would reply in non-committal Yorkshire fashion, "Fair to middling!" and they would hand a toffee to my sister and myself.

When they had passed we would tug at my mother's coat. "Are they Labour?" we would ask, and if they were not we would dismiss them even though the toffee they had given us was still sweetening our mouths. It was no use. They did not belong. I shall never forget my pang of horror when an eight-year-old called Vera told me calmly that she might not stay Labour. She might be Liberal, or even Conservative when she grew up. I had been thinking of marrying her. I changed my mind and later swapped the ring from a sherbet packet she had given me.

Voting Day was the recognisable focal point of being Labour. Our candidate was a Mr. Battersby. It is a name I shall never forget. After tea my mother would clear the kitchen table, cut lengths of wallpaper into sizes that would fit the windows of the municipal houses and draw in pencil the outline of VOTE FOR BATTERSBY. Then she would paint round the edges of the letters in crimson poster paint and we would fill in the middles, looking, by the time we had finished, as though we had been dabbling in blood. Later we would see our work displayed in other houses down the street and we felt an almost intoxicating affinity with the inhabitants. When we could write we would sit for what seemed hours, but was probably only a few minutes before impatience overcame us, writing electors' names and numbers on Mr. Battersby's election addresses. Mr. Battersby, who I think worked in the mill with my father, assumed in our eyes a glory and importance even greater than that of our headmaster.

We always had a day from school on Voting Day because our Infants Department was used as a polling station. By eight o'clock we would be walking down the road with Mother to the Committee Rooms in the vestry of the Congregational Church. We wore huge red rosettes and we walked on air. When we were very young, we just milled around the committee room while Mother went canvassing. Other women would brew tea for the election workers in an antique copper urn. At midday they would heat pork pies and we would feast on pies, peas and mashed potatoes, wearing our rosettes all the time. When Mr. Battersby came in we would hang around him in awestruck reverence, dissatisfied until he had noticed us.

When we grew older we graduated from one job to another. The easiest job, well suited to young legs, consisted of running down to the polling station at ten-minute intervals where we would pick up the lists of numbers taken by our seniors at the door. When we returned they were marked off on a wall chart which was supposed to show where our support lay, how many of our supporters had voted, and who remained to be routed out and chivvied down to the polling station. At intervals the election agent, who at other times taught me to swim, would look at the chart. "Well, we're in this time," he would say. "Now, Mrs. Garside, if you'll just go knock 'em up in Jesse Street we'll do it for certain."

The next promotion was to number snatching. We took our place at the polling station collecting numbers. The voter would emerge from the main hall of the Infants Department and walk along the cement-floored lobby to where we stood. Then we would pounce, I with a red rosette, someone else with yellow, another with blue. "Can we have your number please?" and he would hand us the perforated slip from the bottom of the polling cards. If he handed me the slip, I was elated. Obviously one of *us*. If he handed the slip to the yellow rosette or the blue rosette, I was downcast. If he ignored the three of us we would unite to pull faces at his retreating back. Once the policeman who shared the vigil with us pulled a shilling from his pocket.

"Here son," he said, "run and buy me a bag of ginger biscuits."

I was horrified. I was being asked to desert my post. He saw the doubt in my eyes.

"S'alright," he said, "these lads'll give you any numbers you miss."

This was almost worse. It was treating with the enemy. But I got the ginger biscuits. It was, after all, the first time a policeman had asked me a favour. Later in the day he almost came to an early end when he had to swallow a biscuit whole on the arrival of the Inspector on his rounds. Sometimes we would keep one eye open for the Inspector while the constable went round the corner for a smoke.

When the polling station closed we would gather again in the committee rooms. The canvassers, who were much older and even more important, would gather round the popping gas fire to sip tea. The still more important people who had been appointed scrutineers for the count would depart for the Town Hall. The rest of us would cram into the beribboned cars which had spent the day carrying to the poll the old, the feeble and the lazy. Until I was fourteen the only time I had ridden in a motor car was on Voting Day when we rode down to the Mechanics' Institute to await the results.

A pianist would lead us in a sing-song—mostly a mixture of Nonconformist hymns and the very placid songs which serve as revolutionary clarion calls in the British Labour Movement. One by one the candidates and their agents and their rosettes would come across from the Town Hall. From the moment they walked onto the platform we knew whether they were in or out. Plain Mr. Flynn or Councillor Mr. Flynn—something in their bearing told us. But in or out we gave them a cheer and a clap and waited for the next. Somehow Mr. Battersby never got in. But Mr. Ashworth did and Mr. Chambers did and Mr. Leach and Mr. Foster and many others.

When we caught the last trams home again we weighed it all up. If we had lost seats or remained static we talked about "Next time." If we had gained though, there was delirium in the tram. The Day was so much nearer. The Day which we knew would come. The Day when right would ultimately triumph over wrong and peace and goodwill would reign over Bradford and humanity.

I wish it were still so simple.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

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Fear

THE house in which the mother and the children had come to live was big enough to bear the name of chateau, and it stood on sloping ground among the vineyards of southern France, two miles or more out of the fishing-town. It was an Englishman's house, a place on which wine was grown, and bottled, and sold to restaurants, or else for export, or to individuals who came in their own cars for it, knowing the value of its name. But now the Englishman was dead, and his wife had gone to Cornwall, to visit her people for the summer, leaving the house to the mother and children until the vintage time would come. So it was theirs, but it was no more than a fragment of possession, the mother knew, this temporary title they had been given. They were allowed access to the chateau's material residue, to the garden hedged by tapering cypress trees, to the somnolent lily-ponds, and the crumbling walls on which scaled salamanders moved quicker than light. For a brief time they were permitted to lay claim to the beds they slept in, the chairs on which they sat, the ancient stove, the polished copper vessels, and the earthenware.

But the gist that kept the place from dereliction was not theirs—the beat of the peasants' hearts and the movement of their life in the cellar chambers, and the sound of their voices through the heat as they worked among the vines. Men and women labouring together, they tended the vineyards and the orchards, picked their grapes and pressed them when the right season came, filled the vast, ancient kegs, bottled, corked and labelled the wine, and pruned the vine in late December. In August, they gathered the green almonds and dried them for winter eating, and later plucked the olives from among the silvery leaves, and crushed them under the horse-drawn, granite cylinder to oil that ran, slower than honey, into the great stone jars.

All summer, under an unremitting sun, the peasants would be at their work of washing the wine bottles clean, and filling the bottles from the giant casks that stood in the dark cellars at the back of the house, following the ritual of the seasons as the retired English Army officer had taught them to do. Whenever the mother and children passed the open door, they would look up and say *bon jour* to her. "It's good for the vine, the drought!" the peasants would say, their voices as loud as if they called across a long distance to the mother, for theirs was the vocabulary of the vine, and, because she was American, hers might be of rearmament and the atom bomb,

"Daddy, why does the fire dance?"

Up from the fire, you tell her, comes warm air; then air is sucked in from the room. All this moving air, like a wind, blows the flames about; and that is why they "dance".

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and they were not sure that they could make her hear. "You're American, but you've been to England? You know the English?" they might say on another day to her. "If you talk to the English, they'll tell you they've had enough, the way we French have had enough," they would say in the shadows of the cellar rooms, not naming it, but adding: "You are American. You live so far away that you are not afraid the way we French and the English are afraid."

At that time of the year there were the customary number of English travellers, red-kneed, big-wristed, young Englishmen in khaki shorts and dusty boots, with the Union Jack spread like a declaration of their neutrality across the knapsacks on their backs. In hobnailed boots, they tramped the southern roads between the vineyards and the olive groves, their backs bent under the weight of their stoves and their utensils, under their books and their shabby clothes, because of their poverty and their determination, already aged, dogged men. Or there were the English who rode, two by two, erect on motor cycles, with their tin pots and pans strapped to the canvas rolls behind them; or the English families who travelled in cars of such dilapidated distinction that there was no need for the "G.B." above the numbers of the licence plates to indicate from where they came.

They had a look of earnest shabbiness about them, these English, thought the mother, as she walked with her three children along the port of the fishing village, with the Mediterranean lapping at the stones. They had none of the assurance of the German tourists, for now the Germans, with so much to answer for in every European country, carried their heads higher than any other visitors, in order not to hang them low in shame. The English looked as poor as beggars as they passed the Germans sitting in the cafés, and their motor cycles were enough to make you split your sides with laughter as they stood parked along the water-front beside the shining American cars. "You are American," the fishermen would say to her as she and the children bought the fresh sardines from the baskets lined with seaweed laid on the harbour stones. "You are American," they would say, the rejection so impersonal that there was no venom left in it. And their silence added: *You are not afraid of what may happen the way we others are afraid.*

"I can tell the difference between the English and the French," said Fife, who was eight that summer. The mother and the children walked up through the parched fields, carrying the fish, and the lengths of bread, and fresh fruit in their rucksacks, and the children would look at the words lettered in black on the garden walls, "U.S. Go Home," or "Les Américains en Amérique," and then they would look away. "The English get the reddest on the beach," he said. He wore blue jeans, and American sneakers, and his voice sounded high and clear above the rasping of the cicadas in the almond and the olive trees.

"I can tell French women because their hair is rusty," said Candy, who was ten. "I can't tell the difference between the men yet. They all turn around and stare at me," she said.

"Frenchmen's hips are higher up, nearer their armpits," said the girl named Claude, "Englishmen have theirs nearer their knees." She was slender, and tanned, with the small, grave face that had been hers at three years old no different now that she was twelve, except it was borne higher on her lengthening bones. "There are several other differences," she said, with dignity.

"French women kiss louder than other women do," Candy went on with it, and her wheat-coloured braids swung forward in the sunlight as she made the explosive sound of their embrace on the back of her own brown hand.

"Americans kiss very, very silently," said Fife. "In the movies I've seen of Americans kissing, they never make a sound," his voice quiet and proud.

"Oh, it's hot, it's much too hot!" Candy cried out in sudden impatience. "I'm too tired to go any further, and there's a cicada caught in my hair!"

And then one day, as the *mistral* blew, the forest fire began to burn. It was just past noon, at the hour when all of life and all activity attenuated toward food and sleep, when the siren wailed its prolonged warning from the fishing-town below. The peasants stood in their doorways, shading their eyes against the wind and light, and the American children stood up by the lily-ponds, where they had set their boats afloat, their hearts chilled by the sustained, unearthly cry.

"It could be a drowning or it could be a fire," the younger peasant said, and the older one stood near him, his grim face shaded by his hand.

"It could be for twelve o'clock. It's only a quarter past now, and sometimes they've blown their whistle a half-hour off," the older peasant said.

It may have been that they were all blinded by the mere presence of the meridional noon, for it was a minute, perhaps longer, before they saw the smoke through the branches of the olive trees, and they moved out on to the wagon-road to watch it billowing in creamy fury across the wooded hill. It took them that long to see that a wheat field had gone first, and then an orchard, and that the fire had charred fig, and olive, and cypress trees across the shallow valley, and was climbing fast to higher land.

"This isn't the time of day for a forest fire," said the older peasant as the vertical note of the siren began its wailing fall. "The *pompiers* are fathers of families like anybody else. They've got the right to eat their lunch in peace," he said.

"Even if Monsieur Mistral laid down now," said the younger peasant, and he spoke of the wind as if it were a man, "you'd still have the birds and the rabbits carrying the fire on them. A wild pig will carry fire twenty-thirty kilometres a day, the sparks caught in his fur as he runs before it. If there's no more than just one cicada flying with his wings lit, you can't say the forest fire's out."

Again the cry of the siren rose, and in the blinding dazzlement of noonday, the deeper, hotter texture of the flames sprang up in dark-plumed triumph above the land. And now a rust-coloured jeep, its warning signal gasping in puny alarm, could be seen moving up the valley road, with a hook-and-ladder truck following behind.

"That's the fire-chief," said the older peasant, his face turned toward the wind.

"He's known Monsieur Mistral thirty years," the younger peasant said.

From where the mother and the children and the peasants stood, neither jeep nor hook-and-ladder truck seemed larger or better equipped for action than a child's mechanical toys. The two minutely labouring vehicles proceeded up the bleached, walled road, passed the charred area the fire had left behind it, by-passed the fire itself, as if their destination lay beyond, and, at a break in the slumbering wall, turned off the road and into the tilted fields. There they rocked ludicrously upward, not toward the fire, but beyond it, and when they halted, the firemen in their light blue shirts scattered like confetti across the faded pigment of the grass. But they were men, with the ruse of men in their heads and in the white rope of the hose, and so they outwitted the mindless torrent of liquid flame that gushed across the thirsting hill.

Within twenty minutes the strong, flapping flames fell, tattered, from the black masts of the trees, and the smoke thinned out to mist which the *mistral* bore away. Then there was only the smell of fire left in the nostrils, and the eye saw the dark scar left on the wooded hill, like the shadow of a cloud cast on sunny water, or on a field of grain. But that was not the end of it, for the story of how the fire had begun was still to be recounted, and whether it was truth or rumour, or who had told it first, nobody knew. But it was told in every shop and café of the fishing-village, and repeated even by the fishermen as they mended their nets along the harbour, and by the peasants as they washed the bottles in the cellars on the north side of the house.

It was this: that an American soldier, on furlough from Paris or Orléans, had driven that morning into the village in his fine, big car and parked it under the sign that said no parking was allowed. The soldier had drunk three *pastis* on a café terrace in the sun, the story went, or drunk half a bottle of cognac, and refused to pay; and when the café proprietor said he must have his money or he would call the police, the soldier had said: "France never did nothing but sit on a corner holding a tin cup out, and we're sick of dropping the dollars in"; or said: "France died a couple of centuries ago"; or said: "There's eighteen cafés in this town, and there's one church. That's all any Christian needs to know." The soldier had walked unsteadily across the cobbles of the port, and raced his car through the narrow streets of the fishing-village, and out the pastoral, valley road, mistaking it for the coastal road, because by that time he couldn't read the signposts any more. And, driving crazily between the long, low orchard walls, he must have flung his cigarette away, and the paper-dry field of wheat went first, and then the orchard, and it was even said that two milk-giving goats had perished. A farmer coming home had heard them bleating in the flames.

It was no longer said that there had been a forest fire near the fishing-town, and that the *pompiers* had extinguished it, for now another element had come alive in it. Whether or not there was a soldier who had drunk too many *pastis* in the sun no longer mattered, and the name of the café where he had sat was of no consequence, nor the colour of the uniform he wore. Whoever he was, he had been endowed now with political distinction, and as he reeled across the stones he became the figurehead for whom the slogans were written out in letters taller than the orchard trees. Fife stood in his black rodeo shirt, and his black rodeo trousers, on the quayside, his hands thrust in his jewel-studded pockets, his eyes fixed on nothing, perhaps seeking to see the soldier, with the cigarette on his lip, making his way like a blind man to his car.

"I don't believe it was an American that did it," Fife said then.

Claude had carried the fishnet that afternoon, and there was a hermit-crab caught in the meshes of it, and she watched with gravity his small, evil, almost human face, his outsized thumbs, his irritation. Her feet were bare, and there were viscous ribbons of seaweed between her toes, and the muscles tightened in her long, brown, slender legs as she crouched down.

"Sometimes soldiers in foreign countries get lonely," she said, watching the crab, "and then they take too much to drink. Does every hermit-crab," she asked, her face as quiet as a statue's face, "have his anemone?"

A Way Found Out

'I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT', said the inventive English genius, Dr. Robert Hooke, 'that probably there might be a way found out, to make an artificial glutinous composition, much resembling, if not full as good, nay better, than that Excrement, or whatever other substance it be out of which, the Silk-worm wire-draws his clew'. That was in 1665, but two hundred years were to pass before the scientists' search for ways and means of producing textile fibres artificially began in earnest. Today, we may be thankful that their quest has been successful, for the demand for textiles now tends to outstrip nature's own resources of the cotton plantation, the silkworm and the sheep. Noteworthy among the new man-made fibres of today is one perfected in the laboratories of I.C.I.'s Nobel Division. Known as 'Ardil', this new fibre is soft and warm — and unattractive to moths. Fabrics containing it are endowed with a silky, smooth handle, and a friendly 'feel'. Equally important is the fact that 'Ardil' is available in exactly the deniers and staple lengths that the textile manufacturer needs, while its price is low and stable.

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"But even if a soldier was lonely," Fife said, and he looked out over the moored boats riding quietly, "and even in a foreign country, I bet he wouldn't forget the things he learned about fires when he was a scout."

"Oh, Fife," said Claude, "when you grow up, you smoke, and you drink, and your memory fails you!"

Candy was there, but lost to them in other conjecturings, her head turned from them, her hair hanging in a curtain of yellow silk, as she rocked on her naked heels upon the harbour stones. There were two lovers sitting on the moss- and mollusc-grown landing-steps beyond, the water rising and falling in slow, unceasing motion just below their entwined feet. Their clothes were poor, their flesh was smooth and dark, and bronzed still darker on their throats and forearms, and they shared one cigarette between them, the girl taking it in her narrow fingers from her own mouth once she had drawn a deep breath in, and placing it against the boy's pale, handsome mouth. When the cigarette was done, she put her hand on the back of the boy's sun-blackened neck, and drew his face to her face, and kissed him long and sweetly in the early evening light. These were the two that Candy watched, her thin, brown arms around her drawn-up knees, her nose a little wrinkled; and when she had watched them from this side for a space of time, she moved in her faded shorts to the other side, and squatted down again, her eyes quizzical, her toes spread on the stones, and she watched the sight of love a little while from there.

"Americans, they've got a country all to themselves as big as Europe," the fisherman was saying to the mother. He stood barefooted, broad-shouldered, in his singlet, with his blue cotton trousers rolled below his knees. In one hand he held the soft lifeless body of an octopus, its long, soiled legs, which could no longer reach and writhe, hanging like the delicate roots of some strange plant he had taken from the sea. "They've got so much territory, the Americans," he said, "that one side of a hill burning, it isn't the same to them as it is to a Frenchman or an Englishman. In America, you've got so much of everything, you can afford to blow some of it up in those atom bomb experiments, so what's a hill burning, or an acre of forest-land wiped out?"

"I don't believe the story about the American. I don't believe he was ever here," Fife said, and he looked out past the semaphore at the harbour entrance to the cliffs that built up from the sea.

"Is a sea-anemone a parasite, or is it a flower the crab wears like an ornament?" said Claude, holding the hermit-crab on the palm of her open hand. And Candy pushed the silken curtain of her hair aside to watch the lovers kiss each other's mouths.

A few days after that, the summer was suddenly done, and the stony hills, the long-eroded cliffs, the sapless vegetation, took on another, more heterogeneous look. There were shadows cast, and the wine cellars, with their ancient barrels taller than a man, loomed strangely in the evening. The chateau tower, its windows thickly webbed by spiders and sibilant with the stirring of many dying insects' wings, was a place to turn from when the night had come. Once the peasants had closed the heavy cellar doors, and left for their houses down the cart-road where the vineyards sloped away, the mother would make the shutters of the windows fast, moving from one hushed room to another while the children slept. Downstairs, there were branched candelabra on the walls the length of the quiet *salon*, with crystal lozenges, blackened by time, hanging like trembling tears beneath the pear-shaped bulbs. By their uncertain light, the mother saw her own figure, slender and tall in the long, blue dress, cross quickly toward the tall mirror in its massive, gilded frame, and there she halted, and looked around her, as if in fear, and then she faced her own eyes in the glass.

"I am not French, and I am not English," she whispered to the mirror, and it seemed to her then that the shadows behind her had come alive with the movement of many people, and that their hands were raised in menace, and their mouths stretched open in malediction for what she was. "I am American," she said to that unseen presence of people in the silent room, "and the wrong voices have spoken out for me, and spoken loudly, and I too, I too, am terribly afraid."

KAY BOYLE

The Arts and Entertainment

VIENNESE MOZART

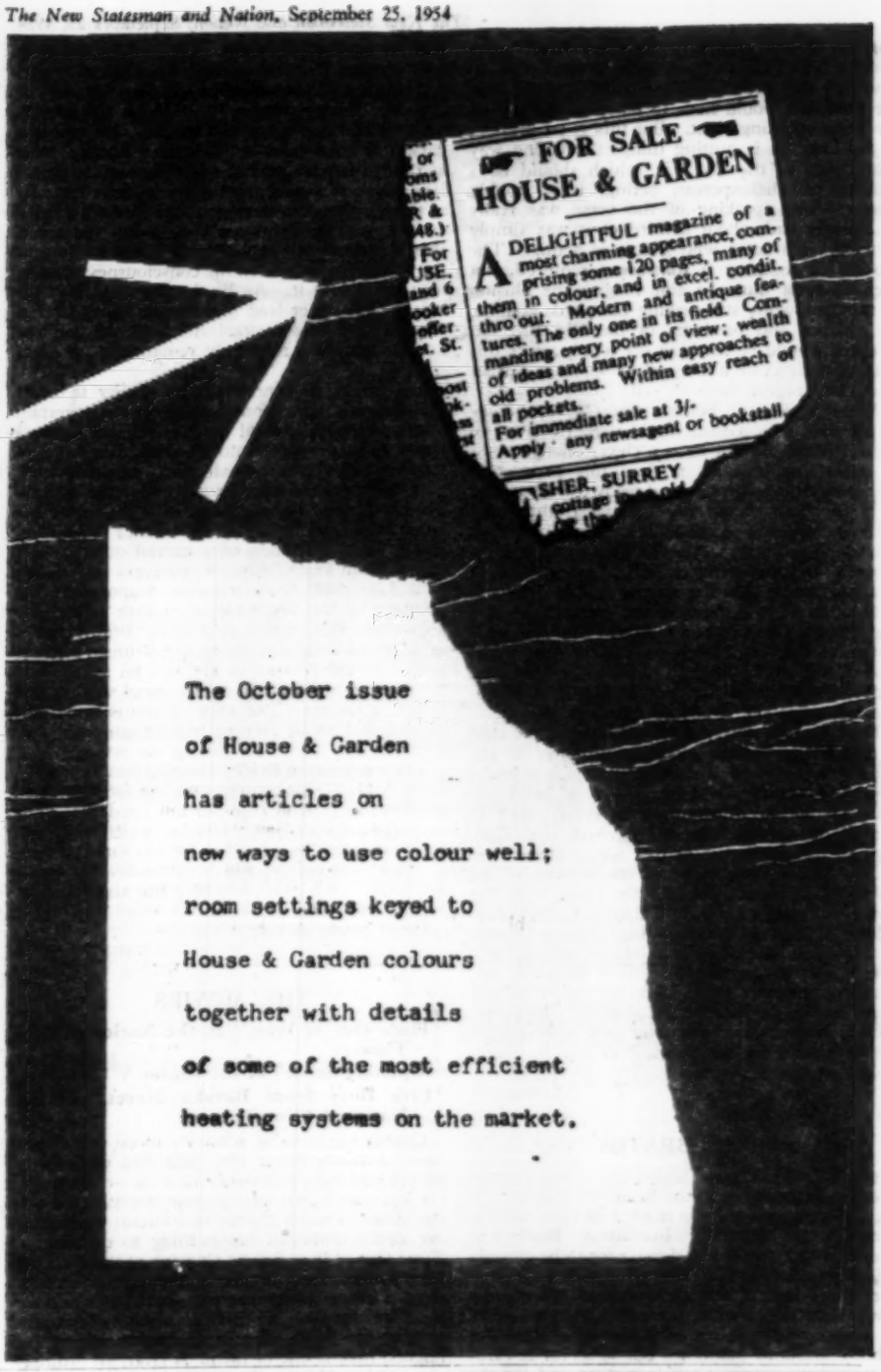
To judge by the delightful performances of the past fortnight, the approach of the Vienna State Opera to Mozart has altered slightly during the last few years. Not long after the war, the company began, laudably, to use the original Italian texts for the three Da Ponte operas whenever these were given at Salzburg or on the company's foreign tours; and about the same time Herbert von Karajan directed an important new production of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The combination of a new and still unfamiliar text with the driving, unrelaxed style of the conductor brought out certain bad tendencies which had long been latent in the Viennese style. Speed and a rather *petite* delicacy of touch became a fetish; the singers gabbled and sometimes muddled their words, and they were often content with a sketchy outline of their notes. The sopranos in particular sought a spurious refinement by hinting at their phrases, especially at the highest note of a soft phrase, instead of singing out with clarity and a firm line.

This debased style is now evidently on the decline. For one thing, it is clear that by now the singers really understand the Italian text; they not only enunciate it clearly and, in several cases, with very creditable Italian accents, but they also leave us in no doubt that they are positively enjoying the shapely, witty phrases—and to relish words as well as music is the first step towards good interpretation. Moreover, in Dr. Böhm they have a conductor who does not specialise in mercurial or dynamic effects, or imagine that an opera ensemble can be driven on as tight a rein as can a symphony orchestra, but whose unruffled demeanour at the desk, recalling that of Richard Strauss, inspires confidence alike in singers and orchestra, and even in the audience. Like Strauss, he is a master of the much-neglected art of operatic accompanying; and it was extraordinary to observe, time after time, to how low a level of dynamics he could scale down the orchestral support, while ensuring that every vital strand should remain audible. Here of course, he was helped by the uncommonly clear acoustics of the Festival Hall; nor could he have achieved such results with an orchestra less polished than the Vienna Philharmonic. I have seldom known these tricky scores to sound so crystal clear in so large a house. Among the pleasures of this season the orchestral playing ranks very high—not least its perfect intonation. Bernard Shaw once remarked that to listen to Melba made you realise for the first time "how wide a gap there is between the ordinary singer who simply avoids the fault of singing obviously out of tune and the singer who sings really and truly in tune"; and it is just so with the Vienna Philharmonic.

Strong as the company was, some of the singers were worked rather hard, I fear, for the ultimate good of their voices. To sing leading roles on two successive nights is usually reckoned to be dangerous; yet on the first three nights Erich Kunz appeared as Figaro, Leporello and Guglielmo, and before the week was over he had repeated the last two: five major parts in six days! Rash as such a proceeding must be, I must admit that his Guglielmo on Wednesday showed no trace of vocal strain, and was dramatically as witty and pointed as all his work—for his timing, gestures and facial play are those of a consummate comedian who could have made his name on the legitimate stage. In apparently wilful opposition to one of my colleagues, I am bound to add that I saw nothing gross in his Guglielmo, and (except for the guzzling of the final scene) not quite enough grossness and garlic in his Leporello this was no greasy Mediterranean rascal naively gloating over his master's conquests, but a lithe and sharp-witted German *farceur* in plus fours, whose treatment of Elvira seemed, precisely for that reason, rather more offensive than usual. Apart from this slight geographical displacement, this was a brilliant Leporello.

Perhaps in consequence of too frequent performances, certain inequalities were noticeable, from night to night, in the vocal condition of the leading ladies. Irmgard Seefried, whose Susanna on the first night was beautifully liquid and clear, had acquired a slight haze over her tone by Wednesday, when she sang Fiordiligi; contrariwise, Sena Jurinac sang Elvira on the second night with a radiant clarity of tone exceptional even for her, and to my ear distinctly superior to her singing as Cherubino on the previous night. Several people have told me that Lisa della Casa, evidently below her best on the opening night, had greatly improved by the second *Figaro*—but then she had enjoyed a complete rest in between. Elisabeth Grümmer seemed at first a small-scale and somewhat tremulous Donna Anna, but her musicianship is impeccable and her voice gained certainty as the evening advanced; she is the only Anna of recent years who has sounded not only comfortable, but beautiful, in "Non mi dir". Ludwig Weber, reputedly recovering from an illness, sang the Statue's remarks in the churchyard with a curiously hollow tone, which was unexpected and impressive, but in the finale he was unable to summon the vocal grandeur which is needed if the Statue is not to seem long-winded. Walter Berry was a first-class Masetto, but Rita Streich disappointed me in the two Zerlina songs, stroking the music rather than singing it, so that I found myself listening entirely to the orchestra; I should like to hear Anny Felbermayer in this role. George London's voice is rather dark and thick for Mozartian cantilena, but he must be one of the most handsome and stylish Dons now before the public. At this performance, and at *Così fan tutte*, I understood for the first time why there had been so much talk about Léopold Simoneau after his début at Aix-en-Provence. At Glyndebourne he has always been adequate—never, on the evenings when I have heard him, much more. But in "Dalla sua pace" and in "Un aura amorosa" his fine Mozartian style was matched by an exquisite suavity of tone: "Il mio tesoro" was nearly as good, though, like almost all Ottavios (John McCormack, Heddle Nash and Richard Tauber, in their young days, excepted) he has to "manage" the florid passages instead of throwing them off with apparent ease. Simoneau combined with Jurinac and Grümmer in the most beautifully sung Trio of the Masks I can remember.

The ensemble throughout was wonderfully fine, and the first act of *Così fan tutte* came as close to perfection as can reasonably be expected in this wicked world; the second allowed the joke to grow just a shade too broad, and introduced a silly ballet during the E flat Serenade. The sextet of singers will not be flawless until Dagmar Hermann has learned to steady her agreeable tone, but her Dorabella presents a comically silly appearance which is endearing and exactly right. Paul Schöffler was the driest and wittiest of Don Alfonsos, and Emmy Loose made of Despina a delicious plump bundle of Italian mischief.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MEMORY UNLIMITED

I JUMPED into the first railway compartment which seemed empty, without noticing the little companion that was pre-destined to keep me awake all night. The train moved slowly out of the station. I gazed at the lights of Stockholm gently receding into the darkness, wrapped my rug around me and prepared to go to sleep. My eyes fell on a book left on the seat opposite by a previous passenger.

I took it up absent-mindedly and ran through the first few lines. Five minutes later, I was reading it as eagerly as a clue to a hidden treasure.

I learned that everyone's memory is capable of fantastic feats, that the least gifted of people can memorise, once and for all, information as complicated as a list of the hundred largest towns in the world and their populations, all this after reading it through once only.

It seemed unlikely then that I should succeed in filing away the interminable lists of figures, dates, towns, their populations and reigning families, which had driven me to despair during my school days, when my memory was fresh. I thought I would test the truth of the statement.

I took a time-table out of my suit-case and began reading quietly, in the manner prescribed, the names of the hundred railway stations between Stockholm and Trehörningsjo.

I observed that after reading it over only once, I really could recite that list in the order I had read it and in its reverse order. I could even point out immediately the relative position of any town, for instance, which was the 27th, the 84th and the 36th, so deeply were these names imprinted in my mind.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of the night making new and more difficult experiments without reaching the limits of what I was so quickly capable.

I did not, of course, confine myself to experiments and on the next day I put to practical use my knowledge of the laws of the mind. I was then able to memorise with surprising ease whatever I read, the music I heard, the names and faces of people who called on me, their addresses, my business appointments and even to learn Spanish in four months.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago, I had the good fortune to meet its author and I promised him to propagate his method and today, I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

I can only suppose that others wish to acquire what is after all the most valuable asset towards success in life. Borg's address is A. X. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Lower Baggot St., Dublin, Eire.

Apply to him for his little book "The Eternal Laws of Success." It is free to all who wish to develop their memory.

—F. ROBERTS.

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In all three operas the stage production of Oscar Fritz Schuh achieved a clarity of action equal to the clarity of the musical performance. Some of the costumes were tasteless, for instance Susanna's Act III brown dress which clashed horribly with the mauve-and-pink of the Countess. Semi-permanent sets by Robert Kautsky were used for all the operas: *Figaro* was cold grey-and-white, *Don Giovanni* well-proportioned but again too severe in colour, whereas the brown-and-gold trellis-work of *Così fan tutte* (like a fanciful open-air library), though it had no explicit relevance to the milieu of the plot, was anyhow very pretty to the eye. Presumably these simplified sets were designed for a company frequently on the move and expected to make do on stages of very different sizes and shapes; but when the Staatsoper am Ring reopens its doors next year, let us hope that Mozart will be mounted as handsomely there as he has been sung and played in London.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SOUND AND FURY

EVIDENTLY the *Macbeth* with which the Old Vic open their new season was designed with the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, more in mind than the Waterloo Road. And since there, in that large ugly arena, it was by all accounts a success, it may seem unjust to criticise its London appearance too harshly. Last year the reverse happened; the Richard Burton *Hamlet* was quite lost in the vastness of the Assembly Hall but came beautifully alive at the Old Vic. The discrepancy is inevitable. The two stages and auditoria are so totally unalike that the same production cannot possibly succeed in both; and one wonders what the real advantage is in rushing the Old Vic up to Edinburgh for a week in a production that is to be seen the next in London.

Still, we have to criticise in this case the London viewing, and that *Macbeth* must be adjudged a really rather dreadful production. It displays all the vices to which as producer Mr. Michael Benthall is prone and few, if any, of his great virtues. Over-noisy, over-pictorial, over-illustrative, it attempts—and the attempt is always fatal—to catch the spirit of the play entirely from the outside instead of from within outwards. *Macbeth* is a violent melodrama; then let us illustrate this (so seems to be the argument) as vividly as we can. Let us all shout and stamp and skirl and cry. Let blood be twice as thick as usual and twice as red. Let everything be exaggerated to the point of frenzy. When Banquo's ghost appears the second time, let Macbeth leap up on to the table and the amazed guests all fall flat on the floor. Let Lady Macbeth not sleep-walk but enact a mad scene.

The conception aims then—to judge by the grizzled mad appearance of Macbeth himself in the last scene—to catch the spirit of a Fuseli print. And, of course, there is something to be said for that. Something of that frenzy does, or can be seen to, lie in *Macbeth*. But the question is how to catch it, and as everyone including Mr. Benthall knows there is only one way—it must grow out of the poetic structure. It is that—the poetic structure—that enables us to "suspend our disbelief" and enter imaginatively into the heart of the play. Do outside trappings such as scenery, processions and gouts of blood help us? Only once the trick of suspension has been performed. Everyone over fourteen knows that what covers the murderers' daggers is red paint. In itself red paint does not help us to create the illusion: it is only, in itself, one more factor over which we have to exercise the suspension of our disbelief, one more obstacle to the illusion. It won't in itself work the trick, though once the trick has been worked it may, if imaginatively used, heighten the sensational effect. In the same way a grey beard, a quavering voice and a doddering walk do not turn a young actor into an old man: the illusion must be created by the actor's imagination and only if it is successfully created from the inside will his trappings help the illusion.

Perhaps it is understandable in a company putting on a big repertory to hope that "production" (which can be half worked out in advance) can produce the illusion and so save the time that would have to be spent on getting the verse-speaking right. But this is an illusion, if you like. It is putting things the wrong way round, and at the Old Vic, which should be a nursery of Shakesperean acting, it is doubly wrong. The speaking of the verse was really appallingly bad; about a third of it was simply shouted. No actor who shouts is acting. The illusion of shouting is sometimes required, but then an actor must be able to give the illusion of shouting while still making his words audible. As director and producer of the Old Vic Mr. Benthall should be teaching his young actors this part of their craft if they don't know it, rather than encouraging them to yell.

Mr. Paul Rogers, being a fine character actor rather than a tragedian, would perhaps never be a great Macbeth; but he is a clever enough actor to come much nearer it than this production allowed him to. A rough and ready test of success in a Macbeth would be, I suggest, this—that when he comes to the two last soliloquies "I have lived long enough . . ." and "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . ." Macbeth has so manipulated us that the words, simply delivered without tricks, will draw all our sympathy to him and bring a lump to our throats. Mr. Rogers is not allowed to come within a mile of this. Miss Ann Todd works hard to chill our spines, and indeed comes somewhere near it, but in her sleep-walking scene she is absurdly over-produced.

Here, then, is a very good specimen of the kind of production which gives ammunition to the Elizabethan purists. Its excuse is that it is lively, bustling, exciting; its fault is that it bears too little relation to Shakespeare. As so often in present-day productions of *Macbeth* the single moving passage comes in that scene where Ross brings Macduff the news of the murder of his wife and children. Because the place is at this point suddenly switched to England, no elaboration can be given to the staging, and it is allowed to act itself. Given only moderate acting, as it gets here, it makes its effect from its poetic and dramatic structure alone. I do not myself believe that it would be better if all of all the plays were treated in this way. But after such a production as the Old Vic's *Macbeth* one does see why people hold that view.

T. C. WORSLEY

JOHN BRATBY

BRATBY, who is now having his first one-man show of 25 paintings at the Beaux Arts Gallery, is 26. That is young for a painter and his work is bound to be immature. Fortunately Bratby's is frankly and rawly so; he doesn't try to be cleverly middle-aged. One of the symptoms of immaturity is a lack of self-sufficiency. Consequently one doesn't look, when presented with the work of a young painter, for masterpieces or even for wholly sustained paintings; one looks for rewarding passages within a single picture and for the general direction of his work as a whole—for the view of life, the vision, that inspires him. Bratby's vision has values and qualities in common with Jack Smith's, Edward Middleditch's and Derek Greaves's. There is the same suspicion of all elegance and the same ability to be moved by the commonplace. They all paint without protest but with great sympathy the few precious possessions of the dispossessed. Bratby's temperament, however, is his own.

To enter the Beaux Arts Gallery is to enter Bratby's home. This is partly because his subjects are his wife, his sister-in-law, his kitchen table, his dog, his groceries: but far more profoundly because you are compelled to share his most intense and personal emotions. His personality is a desperate one and you are held by his glittering eye. I don't mean by that that his works are morbid or hysterical. On the contrary they abound with full-blooded affirmation, celebrating the quick as against the dead, pleasure and pain as against oblivion. Their desperation is only implied by their intensity: an intensity that disregards all conventions of self-consciousness or dignity. Bratby paints as though he sensed that he only had one more day to live. He paints a packet of corn-flakes on a littered kitchen table as though it were part of a last supper; he paints landscapes as if seen from a prison cell: his wife as though she were staring at him through a grille and he was never to see her again. One feels that he paints every picture in order to imprint the subject so vividly on his consciousness that he may never lose it. As Bratby develops, this intensity will either lead him to blind incoherence or profound discoveries. All that one can say now is that he has a truly remarkable imagination.

His power of expression, his ability to communicate his vision, one can be far more certain about. Nobody should be deceived by Bratby's heavy lines or paint into thinking that he is a crude draughtsman or colourist. His drawings, with their precise observation and tense vortex-like rhythms of design, show what discipline lies behind the stark heads and raw nudes that superficially look as if they were carved out of wood with a blunt knife. Equally, passages in *Kitchen Still Life with Sculpture*—the teapot and the colander or the vegetables in a dish at the top left—show that, when he wishes, Bratby has a sense of colour as delicate as, say, William Nicholson's. In the portrait of his wife on a bed (No. 20) one can see how strong a sense of solidity and structure he has. The entire scene is important to him and so he refuses to emphasise the key contours and angles by muting the rest.

The weakness of Bratby's work is that sometimes (Nos. 3, 11, 17) his compositions are too slap-dash, and that in general (the portrait head No. 17 is an exception) his linear drawing which binds his forms together in space has far too little connection with his colour, which intensifies fragments separately. All in all, however, one should salute—and buy—the work of an original, highly talented young painter.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"Time Out of War," at the National Film Theatre
"Ripening Seed," at the Rialto
"Five Boys from Barska Street," at the National Film Theatre

Quality has nothing whatever to do with "bigness," even in films. One film this week completely succeeds, and stands in a class of its own: the fact that it lasts only twenty-two minutes, and has about as much chance of a circuit booking as my aunt's umbrella, has nothing to do with it. *Time Out of War* will be showing at the National Film Theatre from Sunday, September 26, for four days. I exhort every true film-lover to go and see it. The number of perfect short stories the cinema has produced can be numbered on five fingers; here is one of them. A river, an ordinary river with pebbly shallows, and two birds courting over the grasses: then two tired soldiers, in the dark uniforms of the North, concealed by rock and bush, one with his rifle aimed. He fires. A casual, mocking Southern voice returns. He is young and confused. He answers back, coolly enough, but after a few moments fires again. More repartee. Then the second soldier, looking at his watch, suggests an hour's truce—till five o'clock. The two emerge from this vantage-point, and a lanky wide-hatted stranger strolls to the opposite river's edge. Time is suspended as they smoke, spar for openings, fish, exchange rations and coffee for plug, thrown across the stream in a knotted handkerchief.

The whole encounter, the scene, the late afternoon, the snatches of talk, the silence—twice blessed silence, from war and from filmagoguery—the irony that hangs, like some levitation of Everest, over these three men with their rifles put by, create an extraordinary tension which one slip in the dialogue, one dramatic miscalculation

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JOHN BULL

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would destroy. I won't give the whole thing away, but the knowledge that no mistake will overturn this finely balanced episode is a definite advantage. The film was written and directed by Denis Sanders, photography by Kerry Sanders, three (to me) unknown actors whose cool reality is a minor triumph. This small tale carries, unruffled, all the implications you may care to weigh on it. If there is an immortality for celluloid I guarantee that *Time Out of War* will last as long as *La Grande Illusion*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and *The Red Badge of Courage*. The same programme, by the way, includes also *Chuk and Gek*, an adventure of two delightfully battling tots, and much the most human film to come out of Russia for a long time.

Ripening Seed is the rather awful translation of Claude Autant-Lara's *Le Blé en Herbe*, from Colette's novel. "Shamefully bold," exclaims the publicity sheet hopefully; and for any other nationality than the French, and any other director than Autant-Lara, the theme of boy-and-girl love and the boy's affair with a woman more than twice his age, would provide pitfalls unfathomable. A slightly forced jocularity at the beginning hints of nervousness, as does also perhaps the subdued though queenly performance of Edwige Feuillère as the understanding mistress. Otherwise the future lovers, growing out of a childhood together, barging about on a seaside holiday, slipping out of the jokes and stupidity of elders, experiencing the impulses, silences, and desolating oddity of adolescence, gracefully touch and amuse us. Nicole Berger (first appearance) gives the rather more expressive performance of the two, though Pierre-Michel Beck's cat on hot bricks does finely, too.

Aleksander Ford's *Five Boys from Barska Street* (National Film Theatre, Sept. 19-22) has some of the Iron Curtain faults but also unusual virtues. It correlates the rebuilding of Warsaw with the reclamation of five boys who have slipped into crime. The boys themselves, the images of destruction, the jolly and priggish Stakhanovism, and the discreet colour win us over. Melodrama, ending in the sewers—which mean more to the Warsavian than to us jaded cinema-goers—rather damps the triumph; but to a director who can give us sequences like that of the ascent of the crazily dilapidated staircase to a view over Warsaw ruined, one can forgive much.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LOOK AND LISTEN

THERE has been a television service, admittedly interrupted by war, for eleven years now. Yet all of us, it seems to me, viewers, critics and even people working in the medium itself, have come to think of television as something new, as though it had begun yesterday and its real achievements necessarily belonged to the future. This is surely a curious state of affairs. There are reasons for it, of course. Until recently, at any rate until four years ago when the station at Sutton Coldfield was opened, the audience was very restricted, and for most viewers television is still a new thing, indeed for more than half the population still something to come. All the same, this attitude towards television, that it is still a novelty that must jusify itself and that all we can do about it is to wait and see, will be dangerous if it is allowed to become a habit. At present, there is little discussion of television at any level higher than that of a House of Lords debate. Sound broadcasting ignores its existence almost entirely. I notice, for example, that the Home Service's Sunday morning "Critics" sometimes find themselves discussing for radio a fifteen-minute talk: how often do they discuss a television programme? As much as eight times a year?

British television suffers, on the one hand, from a lack of serious criticism and, on the other, from a quite disproportionate interest in it on the part of the popular press, which concentrates almost exclusively on its trivialities. At times this appears almost as a deliberate writing-down of the Television Service in sheer self-defence, since in fact the Television Service does much better many of the things that it is the duty of the popular press to do.

The fact is, the positive achievements of television here are considerable, and they exist in a variety of fields. There is no even flow of them, and they often appear as oases of enlightenment in barren wastes. But they are there all the same, and during the period under review there were no fewer than three, which is reasonable going for a period of eight days.

Take, to begin with, a programme specially written for TV, Miss Jenifer Wayne's documentary *Can I Have a Lawyer?* Miss Wayne is, I suppose, one of the half dozen best writers of radio features, and this was her first television programme. It was most successful; indeed I believe it was as good as any television documentary I have seen. Part of its success came from qualities we are familiar with from Miss Wayne's work in sound broadcasting, her lightness of touch, her warm, relishing approach to human foibles and her ability to create with a minimum number of strokes characters that convince by their truth to observation. *Can I Have a Lawyer?* was excellent entertainment: the scenes in the East End Legal Advice Centre between client and client and client and lawyer could scarcely have been more happily human. But there was more than this, for what emerged in the end was a balanced criticism of the inadequacies of the Legal Aid and Advice Act of 1949. No doubt these are perfectly well known to lawyers, but they are not to people who seek their help under the Act; and in this programme, which was admirably acted and admirably produced by Miss Caryl Doncaster, Miss Wayne was doing what should be one of the main jobs of television documentaries, to expose the insufficiencies of the public and social services to the eye of criticism.

The other two achievements came from the Drama Department; a third play, M. Robles' *Montserrat*, I was unable to see. Now, in my experience, the output of the TV Drama Department is very chancy; I suspect both a shortage of good plays and an ever-present awareness of the presence of a mass-audience. Yet, given these factors, together with the attentions of the press, whose spokesmen are perpetually ready to come out with the cry, "Is this the sort of thing we want to see on Sunday evenings?" the Drama Department seems to me much more eager to experiment and be bold than might be expected. *The Moon in the Yellow River*, for example, which we saw the other Sunday, may be a classic of the contemporary theatre, but it is still, I would think, hardly obvious fare for a mass-audience. It came over very well indeed, for one great advantage it certainly has: it is one of the funniest plays of our time. It is also moving, and Mr. Malcolm Keen's was the best Dobelle I have seen. But the acting as a whole was distinguished by a loving care for this brilliant, comic wayward piece.

Troilus and Cressida is something different altogether, and the effect of television presentation, in Mr. Douglas Allen's and Mr. George Rylands's production the other night, seemed to me to exacerbate the disillusionment and disgust the play so powerfully expresses; simply because of the medium it was as though Thersites was railing and flying in our very midst. It was a fine production, the verse was beautifully spoken, and the acting on a very high level. But *Troilus* is not everybody's Shakespeare; one can imagine viewers knowing only the plays in the ordinary repertory finding it very disconcerting. Here I think the mass-audience must be considered, and what this production of *Troilus* needed, I am sure, was something in the nature of a trailer put out the evening before the performance, the television equivalent of the article Mr. Rylands wrote in *Radio Times*. When the play is something so "difficult" as *Troilus*, to adopt a take-it-or-leave-it attitude is merely to ask the mass-audience to leave it, whereas, suitably primed, it might very well find itself unable to resist the attack of such a production as Mr. Allen's and Mr. Rylands's.

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

LABOUR AND GERMANY

SIR,—Commentators have pointed out that the 1948 Brussels Treaty was concluded against *German* aggression, but was in fact directed against the Soviet Union. The reason for this strange procedure is interesting and worth recalling.

In those days public opinion, with the last war still fresh in mind, and the Anglo-Soviet alliance only five years old, would have been shocked at the idea of forming an alliance against our ally the Soviet Union—even if our ex-enemy Germany were not brought in for the purpose. The shock would have been even greater at the spectacle of the authors of the U.N. Charter consigning it to the waste-paper basket. For Article 53 of the Charter contains the following provision: "No enforcement action [defined as 'action with respect to threats to the peace, breaches of the peace, and acts of aggression'] shall be taken under regional arrangements or by regional agencies without the authorisation of the Security Council, *with the exception of measures against any enemy State . . . or in regional arrangements directed against renewal of aggressive policy on the part of any such State . . .*" (Italics mine.)

By being ostensibly directed against our ex-enemy, Germany, the 1948 Brussels Treaty came formally within the provisions of the U.N. Charter, even although it was in reality intended as an alliance against our ally and fellow-member of the United Nations, the U.S.S.R. But since then the Governments and Foreign Offices of the Western Powers no longer believe this kind of legalistic subterfuge and political hypocrisy is necessary.

Nato was a violation of the spirit and letter of the Charter; E.D.C. was another; the war in Korea a third; Seato an anæmic fourth; the inclusion of West Germany in the Brussels military alliance, if it comes off, will be a robust and brazen fifth. As the French say, it is only the first time you are unfaithful to your wife that counts. . . . The peace-keeping provisions of the U.N. Charter have for years been treated as a scrap of paper by the Governments and Foreign Offices of the world, and we are back to the balance of power and the arms race. But when our rulers tear up the Charter in order to prepare for war, they solemnly swear they are strengthening the United Nations as the guardian of peace.

Their success in fooling public opinion may be gauged by the humbugging and fatuous resolution in support of West German rearmament that was put before the Brighton Congress by the T.U.C. General Council. No doubt at Scarborough too an attempt will be made to take advantage of the supposed political innocence, soft heads and loyal hearts of the Conference delegates to win support for West German rearmament by taking the name of the United Nations in vain.

If so, those delegates who may read this letter will be forewarned and, I hope, forearmed. Some of them may also recall that when the Annual Conference met in Scarborough in 1948, it expressed its opinion of the Brussels Treaty, in a resolution accepted by the National Executive Committee, as follows:

"This Conference believes that the Conservative conception of Western Union on a capitalist basis and in military alliance with the U.S.A. against the U.S.S.R. cannot solve Europe's economic problems and will only lead to a third world war."

39 Clifton Gardens, W.9. K. ZILLIACUS

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

SIR,—May I correct an impression that may have been given inadvertently by Mr. Sandison's letter that some dancers in the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet Company have been paid £7 per week for seven years. The Company was formed seven years ago, and minimum salary payable to a trained dancer is £7 per week. Naturally, since its formation there have been many changes in the Company, and only a small proportion of the present Company has been with it from the beginning.

Prior to its departure for the South African Tour last season the Company numbered 40 dancers (not 30 as stated by Mr. Sandison). It is true that 10 of these were receiving £7 per week, but only 3 of the 10 had been longer than one season with the Company, and they were only in their second season.

A member of the *Corps-de-ballet* at £7 per week with allowances added for touring earns in all about £430 a year. Over last season, which admittedly included a South African tour for which higher allowances were paid, a £7 per week dancer received about £545, or an average of just over £10 per week. This contract included four weeks' rehearsal, four weeks' boat travel and four weeks' holiday.

Lastly, I must make it clear that when the dancers' requests were received the management were on the point of offering contracts to the Company containing increases varying from 10s. to £2. On receipt of the requests the contracts were reconsidered. Some individual adjustments were made and the *Corps-de-ballet* salaries were organised on a more regular basis by the introduction of a three-year scale. The revised contracts were issued to the Company at the end of June and the only alteration after that, other than those arising from individual negotiations, was one small variant of the *Corps-de-ballet* scale.

Sadler's Well Theatre. STEPHEN ARLEN, *General Manager*

SIR,—May I point out a *non sequitur* in Mrs. Strauss's letter? Few would dispute Dame Ninette's right to pay dancers according to her valuation of their merits; but why should an all-round increase of 30s. per head vitiate this policy? If some promising young soloist deserves an extra ten shillings a week more than her contemporaries, the balance would not be disturbed if she were paid an extra two pounds, the others only 30s., thus securing the best of both worlds and satisfying at once Equity and the dictates of conscience.

The truth of the matter to an outsider seems to be that Dame Ninette's policy towards that Cinderella of companies, the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, is somewhat confused, both financially and artistically. Girls are taken into the company at a wage no higher than that of a trained shorthand-typist—a profession one can pursue until the age of sixty, unlike dancers, who are obliged to retire before forty—and are expected, if they are lucky and work their way up, to support a classical repertory as ballerinas, abroad and at home, at not much higher wages than that of a first-class business secretary. They are expected to dress exceptionaliy well—and ballet dancers have no spare time for home dress-making—and look like ballerinas down to the youngest *Corps-de-ballet* member. From comments made personally to the writer by foreigners who had to do with the company in the U.S. and on the Continent recently, the standard is far from as high as is expected from those associated with the magic name "Sadler's Wells."

Artistically the position is equally unsound. Mrs. Strauss says: "As members of a permanent company they are not in constant fear of unemployment, and they know that progress in their dancing will be noticed and rewarded." Speaking of a ballet company with perhaps the highest "wastage figures" of any in the world this seems over-optimistic. Only one of the original members has remained exclusively with the company since its formation: during the eight years of the company's existence a fantastic number of dancers have been hired and fired, or have left because their progress was neither noticed

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nor rewarded. The rest have been hauled off at a moment's notice from soloists' positions to swell the ranks of the *Corps-de-ballet* at the Garden, and some shuttled back and forth between the two companies in a breathtaking and apparently illogical manner. This is unsettling, to say the least.

One final point needs to be made. It has been stated publicly—and I have seen no published denial—that another English ballet company working entirely without subsidy pays its soloists three times the amounts received by opposite numbers in the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Sadler's Wells receives large sums of public money, and no one is going to convince me that when dealing with booking agents at home and abroad Dame Ninette says "You may have my company dirt-cheap; they're mainly students at low wages." Where does the money go to, and why should not the dancers, during their short mayfly careers, have some of it? And why should the receiver and administrator of a State subsidy use her privileged position to depress, not to raise, the average wage of the dancer?

London, N.8. ENID DOWNES

THE VALUE OF PRAYER

SIR,—While many thoughtful and religious people will agree with "Critic" when he derides the belief in the magical incantations of Rainmakers, they will also realise that "Critic" is falling into the opposite error when he defines prayer as "a social concentration of thought and purpose" leading to fruitful effort.

Christians believe in a personal Deity, i.e., someone with whom there is possibility of communication.

Beginners in prayer can only use human speech, which, as we all realise, disguises as much thought as it expresses.

Christ gave the example of a child asking for a stone and a serpent, thinking they were food. The good father answers the real petition for he understands the child's ignorance, and God answers every sincere prayer, seeing beneath our foolish words the real desires of the human heart. Perseverance in prayer has a psychoanalytical effect. The expression of even a foolish petition, that elicits no direct response, makes us more aware of ourselves and of the nature of the Deity.

Moreover, many quite sane, thoughtful and truly religious people do believe in "miraculous" responses on the part of the Power that keeps the world rotating. There is much that science has not yet reached. C. M. CHEKE

4 Beatrice Court,
Wembley Park.

SIR,—Why should the Rev. A. K. Campbell be ridiculed in "This England" because he prays for animals? Should we not, on the contrary, be thankful that one parson among so many who are silent, although aware of so many gross cruelties, has the courage to recognise that, according to the Scriptures which he preaches, all creatures are God's. I am not myself a church-goer or an enthusiast for dog's cemeteries and I realise that perhaps the most successful service of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is in combating woolly and mawkish thinking, but even in a country which is fast losing any claim to be called humane a few at least among us would prefer to praise anyone who feels that compassion, like Peace, is indivisible, rather than hold him up to a contemptible cheap-clever derision.

Tatsfield, PHYLLIS J. KERRISON
Kent.

NO FLIES?

SIR,—I have just seen "Critic's" reference to me in his London Diary of September 11. I am glad that this one aspect of the Chinese people's fight against the American germ warfare made so strong an impact upon his mind.

However, I beg leave to make one small correction. I did not make reference to "hundreds of thousands of children cleansing the countryside of flies with chopsticks." Instead I referred only to one incident described to me by participants, where indeed the insects dropped from the air in a field near a school were picked up by the children with chopsticks. Anyone familiar with the skilful and adept use of their customary eating instruments by the Chinese would have recognised this as a completely normal way for a Chinese community to cope with the sudden precipitation into their midst of an abnormal mass of noxious insects.

The universal elimination of houseflies by children with normal means was also most marked. But that was another question altogether.

HEWLETT JOHNSON

The Deanery, Canterbury.

OWEN LATTIMORE

SIR,—In your issue of August 21 there is a passing reference to ". . . Mr. Owen Lattimore and other displaced professors. . . ." This may give a misleading impression to your readers. My friend and colleague, Professor Lattimore, is on leave with full pay to enable him to give the necessary time to combating the outrageous charges which were originally drawn up by one Mr. Roy Cohn, then in the Department of Justice, and which, for purely political reasons in an election year, the Department is persisting in, notwithstanding a resounding verdict in Mr. Lattimore's favour by the Circuit Court of Appeals. E. F. PENROSE

Johns Hopkins,
Baltimore.

GREY EMINENCES

SIR,—Appalled by Mr. Priestley's grim picture of a world ruined by frustrated scientists, I thought I ought to try to do something to mitigate the catastrophe. So I invited to Sunday supper a physicist, one whom I had known when we were both very young and shy and, probably, seedy, and now, if not yet quite a Sir Nuclear Fission, a University lecturer—and a bachelor.

I showed him—not a regular NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reader, of course—Mr. Priestley's article, and over a candlelit meal of chicken vol-au-vent, cheese soufflé and a vin rosé (sorry, no sirloin or Chambertin) we discussed the terrible responsibilities of the scientist. Later we sat side by side on the sofa with coffee and Benedictine and diffused lighting (what a pity, no Partagas). We put our heads together and went on discussing the terrible responsibilities of the scientist. Oh, Mr. Priestley, how right you are.

Crossways, Challock, Kent. JOYCE LONGLEY

SIR,—Having always been modest enough to class myself with the "prevailing" type of scientist, my attention has been drawn to Mr. J. B. Priestley's reflections on this subject. His description of a seedy shy youth hurrying from digs to lab is remarkably accurate. I must also acknowledge a studious disposition, short sight, and a desire not to be a grumbling failure. However, as to having no tenderness for life, no gratitude, starved senses, and an ability to "ruin a continent", I have information from usually reliable third parties which does not entirely substantiate Mr. Priestley's generalisations. They argue that I am too shy to be without tenderness, and too seedy to endanger even parts of the smaller continents.

What, then, has gone wrong?

PETER T. LANDSBERG

University of Aberdeen.

WYKEHAMIST

SIR,—Whatever can Mr. Crossman mean by saying that as a scholar at Winchester he "fought first for survival and then for success, according to rules which barred very few holds"? I thought we spent all our time talking our heads off, educating one another in a delightful manner but rather inclined to be above any struggle. I remember him as talking for victory a bit, but it never occurred to me he imagined he had anything to fight for; apart from passing his exams. It is true that he was about a year older than me, and the fashions change very quickly in such places. But hardly as fast as all that. WILLIAM EMPSON

Hampstead Hill Gardens,
London, N.W.3.

THE DECAMERON

SIR,—In the recent fiasco at Swindon over the moral status of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Mr. J. T. Moloney, prosecuting, declared that to suppose women liable to "sudden and overwhelming urges" was something that "we in this country consider obscene." Over his shoulder a ghostly nineteenth-century voice might be heard declaiming: "To credit a woman with sexual feelings is a vile aspersion on the sex."

I write, sir, in a spirit of puzzled inquiry rather than in anger. Mr. Moloney's statement, though charged with emotional ambiguity, presumably means that women are not, in fact—decent women, at any rate—liable to the compulsive urges of passion. The statement is so demonstrably false, and is shown as false not only by scientists or medical practitioners, but by the vast body of great literature relating to the problem, that one wonders how it could ever be made at all. But, in fact, it appeared to be received equably. Can any psychiatrist inform me, and many others equally amazed, what peculiar state of mind promotes and maintains this polite fiction, and why?

74 Oakley Street, S.W.3. PETER GREEN

THE TOTE

SIR,—Your correspondent "Critic" has evidently confused this company with the statutory body which operates totalisators for horse racing, namely the Racecourse Betting Control Board.

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Books in General

DOES anyone know what to think of Meredith's novels now? I think not. The lack of sympathy is complete. Difficult to read in his own time, he is almost impenetrable to ourselves. "Full of good brainstuff," Gissing said of *Diana of the Crossways*, and added joyfully that the true flavour of this book came out only after three readings! It was Meredith's brain that annoyed his early critics; today we suspect his heart. Insincerity and freakishness are held against him. Yet, we ought to feel some contact for he is the first modern highbrow novelist in the sense of being the first to write for the minority and to be affected, even if unconsciously, by the split in our culture. George Eliot, his rival intellectual, was not so affected.

Those who visited the chalet at Box Hill in the period of Meredith's old age and fame were astonished by the mass of French novels there. He set out, as the French do, to facet life so that it became as hard as a diamond, to shape it by Idea. (At the time of the death of his second wife, he wrote: "I see all round me how much Idea governs", and Idea was "the parent of life as opposed to that of perishable blood.") The notion sometimes gave an intellectual dignity to his creations, but just as often dignity was merely stance. For Meredith's imagination housed the most ill-assorted ideas: there was dandyism, there was the oracular Romance of his claim to be a Celt, there was the taste for German fantasy, the feeling for supermen and women and the heroic role of the fittest. If we follow his own habit of metaphorical association, we find ourselves saying that the descendant of two generations of naval and military tailors in Portsmouth was born to the art of dressing-up. In fact, his grandfather, and his father before him, had been as fantastic in their lives as he was in his novels; the son was able to survive his own self-deceptions by the aid of wit. The difficulty of Meredith does not lie in his thought, but in its conceits, in the flowered waistcoats of his intellectual wardrobe. Gosse used to object to this passage from the description of a scene at the gaming table:

> He compared the creatures dabbling over the board to summer flies on butcher's meat, periodically scared by a cloth. More in the abstract, they were snatching at a snapdragon bowl. It struck him that the gamblers had thronged on an invitation to drink the round of seed-time and harvest in a gulp. Again they were desperate gleaners, hopping, skipping, bleeding, amid a whizz of scythe blades, for small wisps of booty. Nor was it long before the presidency of an ancient hoary Goat-Satan might be perceived with skew-eyes and pucker-mouth, nursing a hoof on a tree. Our medieval Enemy sat symbolical in his deformities, as in old Italian and Dutch thick-line engravings of him. He rolled a ball for souls, excited like kittens, to catch it tumbling into the dozens of vacant pits.

Brainstuff, indeed. For our welfare (Meredith warned us) Life was always trying to pull us away from consciousness and brainstuff. On the other hand, "Matter that is not nourishing to brains can help to constitute nothing but the bodies that are pitched on rubbish heaps." Human felicity is always trying (he said in a letter) to kill consciousness. There is often an extraordinary violence in Meredith's neo-pagan metaphors.

Meredith, like Browning, had too many ideas. And, as in his novels, so in his life, the brilliant egoist appeared to be an artificial construction. His new American biographer, Professor Lionel Stevenson*, notes that by the time he was fifty, Meredith "had completely molded himself in a dramatic personality." He had become the Comic Spirit in person and if there was overstrain, it was for clear personal reasons: "The components had been collected with a kind of genius. Impenetrably screened behind it lurked the Portsmouth tailor shop, the bankrupt father, and the dreadful decade of his first marriage." The price was that he did not inspire intimacy:

> It was not that he seemed either aloof or insincere; but he created the effect of a perpetual and consummate theatrical performance and the pilgrims to Box Hill were not so much consorting with a friend as they were appreciating a unique work of art.

It would be misleading to continue to press a comparison between Meredith's life and his work as a novelist. Professor Stevenson is concerned with the writing life and very little with literary criticism. He comments on the novels, as they come along, but does not examine them in much detail. He notes (what Henry James deplored) Meredith's evasion of the *scène à faire*; for example, it is the point of all Meredith's novels, as Professor Stevenson admirably says, that the chief characters shall be tried by ordeal. They are burned in the fire of their own tragic or comic illusions and emerge from self-deception into self-knowledge. Yet, in *Diana of the Crossways*, the scene where Diana commits the folly of letting a political secret out of the bag is skipped. Is she an hysterical egoist? Is she as immoral as she appears? Has she merely lost her head? Only a direct account of the scene at the newspaper office, where she hands over the secret, can tell us. Meredith was no story-teller—a fatal defect, above all in the days of the three-volume novel. He is a novelist who gesticulates about a story that is implicitly already told. The cage of character is his interest. The rest of Professor Stevenson's criticism is appreciative but not considerable. I find only one point of disagreement. He says that Meredith was the first to introduce something close to natural dialogue in the English novel. Certainly Meredith breaks the convention in which dialogue had been written up to his time; the result is not natural speech. Meredith simply applied his own allusiveness to dialogue, and allusiveness happens to be a characteristic of ordinary speech anyway; he was too full of himself to see the characters or speech of other people, except in so far as they could be elaborated as "idea" and in stylised form. Meredith's dialogue is simply Meredith cutting a figure in his own society.

As a biography Professor Stevenson's *Life* tells a well-known story competently. A writer has not much time for living and Meredith's life is one more variant on the theme of the calamities of authorship. There is the aloof, handsome, snobbish youth making that first break with his environment by sheer pride of obsession. There is the unhappy marriage to Peacock's daughter and the hardening of the heart—yet Meredith's heart must have hardened in childhood. And then the literary grind follows. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is a failure, so is *Evan Harrington*. *Harry Richmond* gets a few admirers. His integrity was untouched by neglect; he worked without a public until he was fifty, and by that time, his health went to pieces. The tall, eagle-faced man, the non-stop wit, talker and laugher, with his bouts of "manly" boisterousness and back-slapping, had always been a dyspeptic. Now he suddenly became deaf. He presently had the symptoms of locomotor ataxia. To keep his family he had ground away for years as a publisher's reader and wrote three articles a week for a provincial newspaper. For years also he made a small annual sum by reading to an old lady once a week. His letters are full of the groans of laborious authorship. At fifty he had had enough, but he was fated to live into his eighties, unable to hear speech or music: unable to walk, which had been his chief pleasure in life. He was drawn about in a donkey chair. He was 60 before he became famous; the relative comfort of his old age was only in part due to his success—he inherited a little money from an aunt. In his personal life, he had seen the death of his two wives and the son whom he had once adored, but who had become estranged from him after his second marriage. A psychologist might say that Meredith's life is an ironical illustration of the theory that we get what we are conditioned to desire. The death of his mother in very early childhood, and the pride and fecklessness of his father, had formed Meredith for self-sufficiency and loneliness: the brain rapidly filled in the hollows left by affections which had been denied. His own affections certainly became intellectual; his love letters are clearly of the kind that exhaust the feeling in an excessive flow of lyrical expression. He grieved over the death of his wife, but he *had* compared her to a mud fort! Friends found an annoying disconnection between brain and heart. There was one reward. It seems frequently to come to the egoistic temperament: the exciting, if heartless, power of living in the present. He tore up old letters and, in old age, is said to have scorned the common consolation of that time: living in the past. The torrential talker, the magician, was in short a picturesque monster, relishing his scars. One whimsical young American admirer—mentioned by Professor Stevenson—made the shrewd, even Meredithean remark, that he would probably have been happier and better organised if he had been a woman.

To return to the unreadableness of Meredith. He is not unreadable; he exists a page at a time; he is quotable, to be skipped through. The large characters like Sir Willoughby Patterne or Richmond Roy, are myths. Meredith is tedious only in his detail; when he intends to be preposterous he is wonderful, as he is in that scene in *Harry Richmond*, where Richmond Roy poses publicly as an equestrian statue.

**The Ordeal of George Meredith.* By LIONEL STEVENSON. *Peter Owen. 25s.*

Meredithean irony is excessive, as all the brain-stuff is, but it is excellent when the character or the scene is fantastic enough for him. He is impossible until one submits to his conception of Romance; after that he is only hard work. He is a rhapsodist who writes about people who are really souls moving impatiently out of their present into their future, towards destruction or self-knowledge. They are pagan souls in the poetic sense, not characters in the moralistic sense; giants of the Celtic tradition, grotesques in the German; all their geese are swans. Their lives are portrayed as heightened exercises in their integrity and their sense of honour. Professor Stevenson remarks that Meredith was attacked with ridicule until he was 50, not only because he was a pagan who could not tell a story and at odds with popular realism, but because Romance was out. His fame began when Romance came in. Stevenson and Conrad contain strange echoes. Chesterton's suburban romance owes a lot to him. D. H. Lawrence was the last to be influenced by him. Another element in making his fame was the rise of feminism. It is very hard for ourselves to imagine another revival in Romance. What a future generation of novelists may find stimulating in him is that preoccupation of his with that he called "the idea." He enlarged the novel with a brilliant power of generalisation. It was spoiled, as so much English fiction has been, by the obsession with romantic class-consciousness, but in *Beauchamp's Career*, or even in a clumsy novel like *One of Our Conquerors*, he has an ability to generalise about society as living history. And his presentation of character—Diana Merion, for example, in *Diana of the Crossways*—as idea and person at once, is a fertile addition to the old English tradition of character types, removed from our moralising habit. The pile of French novels at the chalet, the attempt to turn Molière into English, had their point.

V. S. PRITCHETT

EXPLANATION FOR SOME

Lucky, you say, in a pessimist's paradise
To be so singular, to be in love:
A situation freakish, imprecise,
And not to happen, you would hazard, twice
In any lifetime. The unlikely dove

Of peace is not your bird of passion, nor
The brooding pigeon. You've been trained to see

Two eagles pitted in a dual war
Which, as they fight, they know they've fought before,
Wounded, unfeathered, weak with strategy.

Choice governs nothing but the act's delay
And choice of will confuses what we choose.
The hardest acts are those whose products stay
Constant, the hardest words those which we say
And think we wholly mean. When we refuse

The palpable truth of love's first avatar,
We give the act of choice an active lie:
For what we might have been is what we are,
Chained to the weight of some determined star,
And love becomes not friend but enemy.

No struggle, then, but peace. A will not ours
Decided what you cancel as unique.
The dove, whose image of pacific powers
Enfolds us, watches where the eagle towers
Above quiet valleys which you dare not seek.

ANTHONY THWAITE

THE END OF THE AFFAIR

Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER assisted by ANNE ORDE. Third Series Volume VII, 1939. *H.M.S.O.* 50*s*.

The Foreign Office has yielded up its secrets regarding the immediate origins of the second World War—so far as it had any. The third series of published documents, which began with the German invasion of Austria in March, 1938, has now reached September 3, 1939; only the Far East remains to be covered. This final volume on the European side runs from August 15 to September 3. It contains no surprises, though some oddities. In 1938, during the Munich crisis, British policy was active, if only in wrong-doing. In 1939, once the guarantee had been given to Poland, the British Government merely waited upon events. They could not urge concessions on Poland. They could warn Hitler that an attack on Poland would lead to a general war; but the warnings became less impressive with each repetition.

When we look back at a decisive crisis of this kind, we are always inclined to ask—could it have been avoided? should the British Government have behaved differently? It is hard to give a confident answer. Evidence from the German side makes it fairly clear that Hitler would have gone to war, whatever the British Government had said or done; and it is also pretty certain that they could not have found other allies. Perhaps Soviet Russia once inclined to join the peace-front. By the middle of August she had decided the other way; and the last military conversations, recorded here, were a dreary epilogue. The technical breach came over the Russian demand that their forces should be allowed to enter Poland; and, since the British had objected to their entering the Baltic States uninvited, the Russians adroitly asked that Great Britain and France should obtain permission from Poland. The Poles, of course, refused. The French proposed to cheat both Poles and Russians by saying that permission had been given, when it had been in fact refused; and the British acquiesced unhappily in this sordid manœuvre. The Russians were not taken in. Perhaps they only raised the question in order to have a good excuse for making a pact with Germany which they had intended to make all along. But even if they had been genuine in their desire for an alliance with the Western Powers, the British guarantee to Poland was an insuperable obstacle against this. Colonel Beck was able to dictate British policy; and he made the most of his position.

The last few days have their sorry side, despite the dumb resolution of British policy. Nevile Henderson kept up his advocacy of deserting the Poles till the end; and it is impossible that his belief was concealed from the Germans. Maybe it made no difference in view of Hitler's resolution to go to war; but it was unjustifiable to keep an "appeasing" ambassador at Berlin once appeasement had been abandoned. Who made the decision not to recall Nevile Henderson? Was it the Prime Minister, still secretly bent on appeasement? or was it the Foreign Secretary, too lazy and anxious only not to cause trouble? In any case, whoever left Henderson at Berlin would have made the war inevitable, if it had not been inevitable already.

The editors have landed themselves in an unfortunate tangle over the minutes of the permanent officials. Originally they decided not to publish any as a matter of principle. Now they print some every now and then. By a curious chance, all the minutes published are much to the credit of the officials concerned. Was this the reason for publication? Will future members of the Foreign Office seek the favour of future editors to see that their historical reputation is secure? There is something to be said for suppression of these confidential remarks; and more for their integral publication. It is indefensible to make a rule and then break it, leaving the decision to the whim of an individual editor.

It is unlikely, however, that we should understand the course of British policy even if we had all the minutes. The Foreign Office was not making events; it was merely commenting on them from the sidelines. The military judgments by the chiefs-of-staffs might tell us rather more. The papers in this volume give the impression that the British rated alliance with Poland and with Turkey higher than alliance with Russia; they even attached greater importance to the neutrality of Italy. Presumably someone or other gave advice in this sense. But perhaps not. Perhaps we should still be in the dark even if we had all the military papers and the proceedings of the Cabinet as well. We shall never know what went on in Chamberlain's mind during these last months—probably a despairing hope that things would not turn out as bad as they seemed. Lord Halifax and the Foreign Office had not even this hope. They preferred war to dishonour; and left others to solve the problem how that war could be won. War is said to be the continuation of foreign policy, but not for the British Foreign Office. It has done its job when it has got the war started. Policy, it seems, is too serious a matter to be left to diplomatists; and in the helpless days of 1939 they confessed it themselves. These documents from the Foreign Office were published in order to show the conduct of policy between the two Great Wars. Instead they show that whoever conducted British foreign policy, it was not the Foreign Office.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

AUTUMN EGOS

The Memoirs of Aga Khan. *Cassell.* 21*s*.

It Isn't This Time of Year At All! By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s*.

Wrong Passport. By RALPH BREWSTER. *Cohen & West.* 16*s*.

Forsaken Altars. By MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s*.

Here they come, the first wave of autumn egos, led by the Aga, and "stately plump Buck Mulligan"—which was the light disguise under which most of us first met Dr. Gogarty in the opening sentence of *Ulysses*—with two posthumous volumes by the singer, Mme D'Alvarez, and that interesting picaresque musicologist, Ralph Brewster, to bring up the rear.

The most moving tribute to the Aga's personality that I have heard was paid by his jockey, Mr. Charles Smirke. "So far as I'm concerned," said Mr. Smirke, in a voice that quavered with emotion, "he *is* divine." It is easy to understand Mr. Smirke's raptures when you read these *Memoirs*. The charm and benevolence that emanate from them are unmistakable; also the intelligence. The Aga's versatility is impressive. He is interested in everything: Persian poetry, the prevention of plague, opera, the short approach shot at golf. He was one of the earliest patrons of Diaghilev. He must be the only human being, living or dead, who could talk to Florence Nightingale, Queen Victoria, Proust, Richard Strauss and the Stewards of the Jockey Club all in their own jargon. The background to all these accomplishments you will find in the book. The Aga, in case you have forgotten, is the hereditary Imam, or spiritual chief, of the Ismaeli sect of the Shia Muslims. The family claims direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed through his daughter Fatima and his beloved son-in-law Ali; they are also descended from the Fatimite Caliphs of Eygpt. Their most prominent figure in recent history was Aga Khan I, the Aga Khan's grandfather, a Persion nobleman and son-in-law of the Shah. He was driven out of Persia after a quarrel with a later Shah, helped Sir Charles Napier in his conquest of Sind, for which he received a pension from the British Government, and settled in Bombay. The Aga's services to the British Empire, both before and especially during the first world war, when he used all his influence throughout Islam on behalf of the Allies, are well known. (He himself thinks that if he had been given a freer hand he might have prevented Turkey's entry into the war altogether.)

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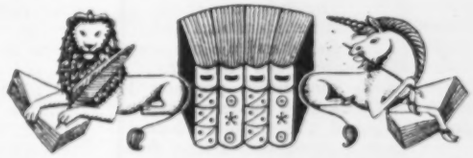

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But the picture of him, which was once current in Left-wing circles, as nothing but a cynical old playboy content to be a puppet of British Imperialism, collecting his weight in diamonds from his deluded followers and spending it on pleasure, is a manifest travesty. The Aga's opinions on a variety of subjects are markedly liberal; his political record likewise, whether in Indian affairs or beyond. Did he not beseech Mr. Eden to close the Suez Canal against Mussolini's criminal Abyssinian adventure?

Though there are one or two significant gaps the Aga does not flinch from much, certainly not from Miss Rita Hayworth, who appears to have suffered from a phobia that he would impound her baby daughter. The best things are the nostalgic recollections of the Edwardian afterglow in Europe, Egypt and India, and the chapter on *The Islamic Community and My Role of Imam*. This, which immediately precedes *My Career on the Turf*, includes a masterly statement of the origins of, and the relations between, Science and Religion. Altogether I have rather fallen for the Aga. I would not in the least mind saying my prayers to him; perhaps if I transfer my allegiance from the Archbishop of Canterbury we shall have a better summer next year.

And with Dr. Gogarty as my medical adviser, I might defy Time himself. *It Isn't this Time of Year At All!* is also rich in Edwardian nostalgia. The stately, plump one, an expert practitioner of the reminiscence, is always good company. This time he gives us the full treatment in chronological order. Childhood in Co. Tipperary; medical student days in Dublin with horrific anecdotes such as pulling the leg of Charlie, the syphilophobe; sharing the tower at Sandymount with Joyce; Mahaffy's phenomenal omniscience; practice in Dublin with a typical dinner party of George Moore's in Ely Place with everything going wrong. (Making every allowance for Irish ambivalence, and the comparative normality of malice among the Dublin intelligentsia, Gogarty's persistent denigration of Moore and Joyce becomes rather boring.) He tells again the story of his escape from the gunmen who were on the point of shooting him, and winds up with Yeats and Augustus John in Galway. Diagnosis: chronic euphoria, as before.

Ralph Brewster, who died in 1951, was a rather odd, unclassifiable person, intelligent, cranky, who wrote an interesting book about Mt. Athos and another about Crete, and was a musical scholar and a perfectly serious astrologist. *Wrong Passport*, which he did not live to finish, is a distinctly fascinating account of his experiences in Hungary during the war; he got hung up there by having an Italian passport; he was in fact half-American, half-English. He lived, for the best part of four years, like an undergraduate on a spree, moving from one friend's flat to another. He stayed with various astrologers; with a young explorer who was on leave from Rommel's staff; an Archbishop and a very gay Archimandrite. Eventually he made his way to Milan and scratched a living doing horoscopes for German officers, and revising a translation of Thackeray's *Four Georges* for a Communist publisher. For all his astrology, he wrote clearly and well, with a laconic tang. The picture he gives of Bohemian or near Bohemian society, in Budapest, rich in cranks and eccentrics, determined to lean as far back as possible from Hitler's war, is very lively. There are moments when you almost expect Mr. Norris to pop in.

Also interested in astrology was Margarita Amelia Alvarez de Rocafuerte, who died in 1952. She was the daughter of a French mother and a Peruvian father and had enough temperament to run a power station. *Forsaken Altars* is a regular prima donna's autobiography, and a contralto's at that, with "hurried breakfasts of exotic fruits" and floods of hot tears on one page, and ecstacy—"The great waves bore me up triumphantly to the end of the aria"—on the next. One of the high spots of her career came early on, when she was at the Brussels Conservatoire. The King of the Belgians offered to be her protector, and pursued her so fiercely—"he drew me to him and kissed me full on the lips with a lasciviousness I had never met before"—that she had to leave the country. Other anecdotes cover Tetrazinni, Mary Garden, Oscar Hammerstein. The writing is not at all bad of its hysterical kind, surprisingly detailed in places, especially about colours.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Prisoners' Bluff. By ROLF MAGENER. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

On April 29, 1944, a repair gang of five Indians and two British officers moved leisurely through the prison compound at Dehra Dun and out past the Gurkha sentry at the gate. The two officers stopped a minute, unrolled a blueprint, looked at it, exchanged a few words—and in watching them the sentry had no eyes for the Indians, never noticed that one of them had blue eyes and another a quite un-Indian chest expansion—that all, in fact, were escaping prisoners. The blue-eyed one was Harrer, whose escape was to bring him to Lhasa and the friendship of the Dalai Lama. The two British officers were Rolf Magener and Heins von Have, whose disguise was to last them till they reached the Japanese lines in Burma. This first colossal bluff set the tone for their journey by rail to Calcutta and, after a few days, on to Chittagong. Whenever challenged, they took the offensive: walked out of a girl's flat in Calcutta, saying snootily to an inquisitive—and genuine—British officer, "This room has too many people in it": stormed past a sergeant on the pier at Chandpur, swearing they were civilians (luckily their uniforms were entirely non-committal). With some complacency Have could declare, "Getting past sentries is only a trick." Colossal nerve and colossal luck brought them, on the 34th day of their break-out, through our front line (passing near the final strong-points in a downpour that drowned all noise) and into the Japanese lines on the Mayu mountain. They waited for an officer to appear, decided what they would ask for—roast fowl, coffee, cigarettes, a shave, air passage to Rangoon—and counted on a fine scene of acknowledgment and recognition.

Not a bit of it: only a shift from Buchan to Kafka. That the Japanese should first be cagey about their story, should suspect them of being British Intelligence agents, was in key: but what depressed and baffled them over the next three months was the feeling that authority was never where they were, that all the Japanese who were brutal, callous, or roughly kind to them—even the guard who had read Heidegger—were acting under some remote power of which they equally knew nothing. "We often did not know with whom we were dealing, what his instructions were, or to whom he could report." Enormous dossiers were diligently compiled, but no one who interrogated them paid any attention to the result of previous questionings; their case, reopened every time from the beginning, looked as if it could never reach an ending. This, and the endless hanging about in jungle camp or prison, and the deadly rice diet, so wore them down—where the hairbreadth escapes had simply exhilarated them—that they toyed with the notion of escaping *from* their allies. Yet, as baffled as K and Joseph K, they somehow kept up their spirits till the moment when, as unpredictably as they had been pushed into jail at Prome and Rangoon, they were put on a plane for Bangkok. There they were finally cleared by the German Consul, then on to Tokyo, and two years in Japan before they could get back to Germany which they reached a year after their Dehra Dun colleagues who had *not* escaped.

The point of escape, however, as Rolf Magener sees it, is not so much getting home as a "recovery of the right to live." They had lived up to the hilt in their four months: Herr Magener (who is very well served by his translator) recovers admirably this sense of intensity, the sharp perceptions of the prisoner on the run. No less sharply he recovers the cross-currents of mood and feeling: as long as they were in India, the British were their antagonists; but once among their Japanese allies, they longed for a white face, "even if it were the face of an enemy." Their flight, like Harrer's, took them to a region far beyond the black and white escapers' country where there are only friends and enemies, hunters and hunted: and, like Harrer, Rolf Magener has made the most of it.

JANET ADAM SMITH

STOCKTAKING THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

Science and Social Action. By W. J. H. SPROTT. *Watts.* 15*s.*

Readers of his previous works on sociology and psychology will know that Professor Sprott is a master of lucid exposition, and this book is as scholarly, dispassionate and easy to read as his others. But its scope is wider, for in his Josiah Mason Lectures the author examines the whole scene of the so-called social sciences—that amalgam of anthropology, social psychology and sociology with perhaps economics and social history thrown in to taste. He dissects a body of new and therefore incoherent inquiry which is additionally confusing because we cannot consider human beings, as we can atoms or molecules, without emotion.

This is a worthwhile task, for few people have a very balanced appreciation of the social sciences. Everybody knows approximately what a botanist does, or a chemist, and accepts—without necessarily understanding—the legitimacy of his work. But the social sciences evoke a varied response. Some view them with the exaggerated respect formerly accorded to witchcraft. Inwardly uncertain and confused by the fluidity of the contemporary scene, they are ready to accept any "system" and here at last, it seems, is the knowledge which may eliminate the irrational and untidy from society. Moreover,

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HARRAP

since the social sciences deal with human beings and have an intellectual respectability now largely denied to religion, they appear to offer empirical answers to questions of morals and conscience. This, of course, is very attractive.

Others maintain that the only truth in the social sciences is the restatement, though in hideous jargon, of what had in any case always been known. Apart from that, they are positively sinister in their attempt to fit the rich diversity of human behaviour into a drearily deterministic framework. People also resent the suggestion of unconscious motivation, fearing that the foundation of moral responsibility upon which society is built will be subtly undermined.

It is unfortunate that new and developing disciplines should be hampered by such misconceptions—for excessive adulation is as harmful as distrust—but this book has done great service in establishing the right intellectual perspective. The social scientists have not some strange new trick, nor are their interests specifically different from those of earlier thinkers concerned with the nature of man in society. Because they have the example of natural science techniques, they are now a little more systematic, a little more methodical. That is all. But it is still impossible, as Professor Sprott says, for them to be entirely dispassionate about their work. They are themselves human and to stand right outside the human scene would imply a lack of realistic concern even more damaging to understanding than lack of objectivity. Be this as it may, it is possible that the intervention of the observer, which has caused difficulties in physics, may prove an implacable obstacle in the way of establishing an authentic "science" of human behaviour.

Because Professor Sprott disbelieves in the possibility of absolute objectivity, he conceives that the social scientist must be involved with social action. He opposes the idea of the "pure" social scientist "armed with tests and apparatus, finding out the nature of human nature, and now, finally, with a sheaf of questionnaires and a Hollerith machine, studying society." This is absurd because it

> portrays the scientist as a man apart; it hints at "science" as a special way of thinking and looking which is quite different from the ways of thinking and looking of everyday life; it implies a kind of divorce between science and society.

He agrees that there is some distinction between the "pure" and "applied" scientist, but the "position and function of the 'pure' scientist can be understood only if one studies the technological, economic, and ideological history which lies behind him, and the technological, economic, and ideological present into which he fits."

Having established his approach to the social sciences, Professor Sprott perambulates some of the main fields in which valuable and suggestive research has been carried out: the relationship between social structure and personality development; the clash of cultures, deviance, the sociology of knowledge, the psychology of the small group. Of outstanding interest is his discussion of historicism and of the legitimacy of the psychological and sociological concepts upon which the work of Spengler, for example, and Professor Toynbee, is based.

Two functions govern the progress of learning, research and stocktaking. For the last twenty years social science, new and ebulliently self-confident, has been mainly in the hands of researchers, but a point has been reached where investigations are in danger of proliferating meaninglessly unless systematised and evaluated. This has been brilliantly attempted in America by Talcott Parsons, and now in England Professor Sprott has made a notably lucid contribution to the organisation of our confused and ambivalent social thinking. He has cast his broad philosophic net into a troubled sea, pulling out and displaying for our inspection neither the monsters some would expect, nor the minnows, but a modestly respectable catch.

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DETECTION AND SEMI-DETECTION

The Wife of Ronald Sheldon. By PATRICK QUENTIN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Death of a Lake. By ARTHUR UPFIELD. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Riddle of Samson. By ANDREW GARVE. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Cat and Fiddle Murders. By E. B. RONALD. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Glass Village. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Dubious Bridegroom. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Third Bullet and Other Stories. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mystery Fiction. By MARIE F. RODELL. *Hammond.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Kiss Before Dying. By IRA LEVIN. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Pop, don't let them kill me," cries the victim of incriminating circumstances in *The Wife of Ronald Sheldon,* when under arrest for murder. As Pop is only too anxious to display his parental affection, and also happens conveniently to be the brother of Peter Duluth, the accomplished detective, the boy's agonising appeal is unlikely to wring the callous reader's heart. (In serious detection, such as we expect from Patrick Quentin, attempts to involve the audience emotionally are bound to fall flat.) Still, one can scratch one's head a long time in search of an alternative solution. The plot concerns publishers and authors in New York. The polished style and throng of lively characters guarantee satisfaction, even if the mountain of evidence against the young fellow is finally dislodged by some rather questionable dynamite. Patrick Quentin cannot be expected to reach the heights of *Fatal Woman* every time he puts pen to paper.

In *Death of a Lake* five men and two women are waiting in the centre of Australia for a lake to dry up. Somewhere at the bottom lies a dead man, and round his neck there should be a locket ready to reveal the whereabouts of £12,000 in cash. Who will find the body first? Napoleon Bonaparte, of course, Mr. Upfield's half-caste detective, who has been mixing unostentatiously with the crowd waiting for the crucial moment. The atmosphere of suspense in this outlandish setting is superb; and a murder is thrown in for good measure to test Boney's acumen. But who wants to detect anything when the temperature is 122° in the shade and crows drop dead out of the sky with heatstroke?

The Riddle of Samson is propounded in the more homely surroundings of the Scilly Isles. Here again detection is forced to take a back seat, while the author spreads himself in local colour. In the end the reader may well think he has learnt more about the Scillies than he ever will about the crime. Why did the journalist disappear into a rough sea off Tresco? For no particular reason that I could discover except to provide Andrew Garve with a plot and a subsidiary love affair. The book, however, deserves to be read as a thriller; there is plenty of excitement to carry one along, and the gruelling experience in a cave should not be missed.

The Cat and Fiddle Murders at a roof-top night club in Soho constitute a fine muddle; and the plan of the premises on the frontispiece serves no purpose except to add to the confusion. Too many crooks spoil the broth. Besides that, there are too many cross-purposes and too many fiddles. Any serious attempt to thread one's way through the murk will bring on a headache. But frivolous readers will enjoy Mr. Ronald's dashing style. He writes in the hybrid Anglo-American idiom with zest; his astringent wisecracks have an original flavour; and his insouciant hero is a fellow one would like to meet again in more congenial surroundings.

The current fashion in detection is to accuse the wrong person of the crime as early as possible and spend the rest of the book exonerating him; it is not to be commended. Readers far prefer genuine fox-hunting to a long day with the red-herrings. In *The Glass Village* the innocence of a Polish tramp, arrested for the murder of an old lady in the backwoods of New England, has to be established at tedious length, while the true culprit is plainly discernible in the wings waiting for his curtain call. The primitive backwoodsmen out for revenge provide excellent entertainment; but things have come to a pretty pass when an Ellery Queen can only be recommended for its stage scenery.

Erle Stanley Gardners come off the assembly line like processed peas, exactly the right size, shape and flavour to gratify the unsophisticated palates of the old customers. *The Case of the Dubious Bridegroom* will be swallowed as comfortably as its predecessors, and, I have no doubt, its successors. The bigamous bridegroom gives us a chance to learn about Californian divorce law; and Perry Mason pulls a neat trick with a man who claims to have a photographic memory. No further comment is needed, as the characters are dummies, the events fantastic and the plot, as usual, impeccable.

The seven short detective stories in *The Third Bullet* should be read in bed with one eye open and mind relaxed. In broad daylight the physical impossibilities with which Mr. Dickson Carr delights to baffle us seem not quite so overpowering. For readers unfamiliar with his little tricks, if there be such, let me recommend complete disregard for the apparent sequence of events and a good look round the stable *before* the horse is stolen and the door bolted.

As if there were not already enough detection knocking about, Mrs. Rodell issues a thoughtful manual for beginners on how to write the stuff. As a successful practitioner herself she ought to know the ropes. Her basic principles are absolutely correct, and many of her maxims merit attention; although she does pass one very odd

remark to the effect that most readers dislike sex. (Phew!) But her commercial attitude to the whole enterprise is shocking. She regards the wretched public for whom her mystery novels are to be written as a set of nitwits, and the budding authors whom she addresses as little better; she is out to train silly spiders to weave webs to catch sillier flies. The book was originally published in U.S.A. in 1942, so that much of the rubbish which has cumbered the library shelves of recent years may perhaps be attributed to the nefast influence of *Mystery Fiction*.

A Kiss Before Dying has been kept for the last, as it fits into no category. In America, where they love to classify everything, they call it a suspense novel and gave it a prize as such. Over here it deserves another prize as a brilliant variation on the theme of crime and punishment. A young American undergraduate decides to marry a millionaire's daughter at any price—and the price is a couple of murders. No more details can be given or the subtlety of the plot would be ruined. (The dust-jacket should be burnt before reading, incidentally.) Mr. Levin writes with immense power and conviction, and his intimate vision of a murderer at work should make innocent girls tremble for their lives. Unfortunately, he will never be able to repeat his triumph. As Francis Iles discovered after *Malice Aforethought*, one can never pass that way again.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

COLLECTED ARCHITECTS

A Biographical Dictionary of English Architects, 1660-1840. By H. M. COLVIN. *Murray*. 70*s*.

To attach the name of an obscure face-painter to a portrait of nobody in particular is nothing much. To attach the name of an obscure architect to an undistinguished building is nothing much either, but it is a little more. The building, being fixed, is part of a street or a landscape which would not be what it is but for the mind behind the hand which drew the plan which the builder followed as the building grew out of the soil. That mind has contributed its jot to the meaning of a word—the name of a lane, a street, a village, a town; it has helped to form an environment and has, even, conditioned many lives. Who designed the front of No. 10 Downing Street? Who, for that matter, designed the little stucco houses I can see through the window as I write this? The answers happen to be (*vide* Colvin) Kenton Couse in the first instance, John Shaw in the second, and both answers carry one directly into the living fibre of art and society in the reigns of George III and Victoria. Couse was a minor Court official, living in an official residence in Whitehall, holding various archaic clerkships whose history goes back to the Tudors; and he built that box of a church on Clapham Common. Shaw was surveyor to Eton College, he built Wellington College and an uncommonly ingenious cheap "Norman" church in the East End. Neither Couse nor Shaw will ever be, or deserve to be, celebrities; but they are apprehensible clues between the husk of their age and the flow of its mind. In so far as we can fix them as actual thinking people we can see a society at work, forming its environment—day by day, brick by brick.

From collected studies of individuals grows the study of types, of groups, of a profession, and Mr. Colvin prefaces his dictionary with an essay explaining how the profession of architect grew up in this country against the ancient background of the building trades. The only fault of this essay is that it is short. Mr. Colvin really ought to write a full-scale history of the profession. As a layman and as a historian, penetrative and zealous, he could do so with clinical accuracy, measuring arrogance and ignorance (the profession's besetting sins through the centuries) in terms of the architect's eternal social predicament—gentleman or lackey, artist or businessman, genius or charlatan?

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For the present, however, Mr. Colvin has given us enough in all conscience in this comprehensive catalogue (over a thousand entries) of the men who built the best, and some of the worst, of late Stuart, Georgian and Early Victorian England. Only specialists are likely to appreciate the finesse of the compilation—the innumerable small revisions of accepted fact in the major entries, the very considerable number of really significant discoveries and the patient and critical provision of references. But it is not wholly a specialist's book. The topographical index makes it indispensable to anybody who cares to know where, architecturally, he stands at any given moment; while a cross-index of personal names (other than architects) makes something in the nature of a directory of architectural patronage. In relation to several fields of study the book is an indispensable classic. Blind and brutish is the public or academic library whose shelves it does not adorn.

JOHN SUMMERSON

NEW NOVELS

The Outsider. By RICHARD WRIGHT. *Angus & Robertson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Story in a Half-Light. By NORMAN DENNY. *Cresset.* 15*s.*

Lord of the Flies. By WILLIAM GOLDING. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Indian Woman. By DIANA GARDNER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It seems uncertain at the moment of writing whether it has been established that The Novel is dead or whether it merely ought to be dead. If it is dead, all one can say is that the trade in corpses continues brisk and that this week the morticians usually known as publishers have some pretty good cadavers on their embalming slabs. The fallacy, of course, is apparent as soon as we drop the upper case and talk about novels instead of The Novel. The Novel is an abstraction, and you can make it mean whatever you like because novels are so various. The four reviewed this week are all novels, but they differ so much from one another that comparison between them is impossible. They can only be described.

The nature of its subject is such that, had *The Outsider* succeeded, one would have had to invoke Dostoevsky as the obvious measure of judgment. As it is, Mr. Wright has written a novel that falls just short of M. Sartre. It is powerful and impressive; its weakness is that in the end one must consider it as an intellectual thriller and not the something more it should have been; one's final interest is in the ideas propounded rather than in the characters that embody them. When we first meet Mr. Wright's Negro hero, Cross Damon, he is our old friend the man in the impossible situation; a postal worker in Chicago, he has got his mistress with child, and she refuses to have an abortion, while his wife, who will not divorce him, is blackmailing him with the threat of informing the police that he has seduced a minor. A train smash on the subway gives him the chance to disappear as dead and assume a new identity. He is free, but to safeguard his freedom he has to commit murder in a brothel. He goes to New York and is taken up by the Communist Party, in the course of which he kills both a Communist leader and a well-known Fascist, kills them, one might say, for sternly intellectual reasons; they are both power-addicts who, like himself, have seen through the fictions pasted over the essential human situation. His guilt is recognised, though he cannot prove it, by another outsider, the hunchback district attorney. At the end Cross is assassinated by the Communists.

Mr. Wright says of his hero:

> At some point in his past life, while living the normal ritual of days allotted to us all, he had come to a consciousness of having somehow fallen into a vast web of pledges and promises which he had not intended to make. . . . He felt that at the time he made his promises—it had started in his childhood, before he had even been able to talk!—his true and free consent had not been asked or given and he had not been in a condition to understand the far-reaching nature of what he had been asked to pledge.

Cross is the Existentialist hero for whom God is dead, who is conscious of "the full flood of a senseless existence," and who must learn how to live in accord with his knowledge. He is against the Communist Party because he sees its daily practice contradict its principles:

> "I'm not so naive as to believe that these men want to *change* the world! Why, they love human nature just as it is! . . . To their minds human life on this earth is a process that is transparently *known*! They are out to grab the entire body of mankind and they will replace faith and habit with organisation and discipline. *And they feel that they have a chance to do it!*"

In the end, on his death-bed, Cross realises both that, in his conduct, he has fallen into the pattern of behaviour of the Communists themselves and that his efforts to be free were futile: "Alone a man is nothing."

The trouble with *The Outsider* as a novel is that Mr. Wright's thesis overrides his characters: one isn't conscious of them as human beings so much as of exponents of ideas. This heightens the sense of melodrama, which in turn perverts, it seems to me, Mr. Wright's true aim, which was not, I take it, primarily to write an anti-Communist novel.

If Mr. Wright suggests Sartre, Mr Denny makes one think of Wells, the Wells of *Tono-Bungay*. *Story in a Half-Light* is admirable in its spaciousness and expansiveness and also in its grasp of a period—the Twenties—in its public manifestations. Technically, it is interesting: it is the story of its hero St. Ives's life as dictated by him on his sick-bed to a stenographer, Miss Lindley. Miss Lindley, thirtyish and plain and full of common-sense, yet also sensitive, is a charming character, and the unspoken relation between her and her employer is very nicely hinted. The strength of the novel, though, lies in its panoramic view of the years between the wars, as seen by a wealthy and idealistic young man who has played his full share in the liberal movements of the time and also in the empire-building of its financiers. The characterisation is vigorous, and there are at least three characters that Wells himself might have envied Mr. Denny—the hero's father, a Tory country squire; Professor Pollard, a brilliant and memorable rendering of a publicist who is not quite wholly a charlatan, and Howard Ellgoode, the millionaire who is everyone's butt. Mr. Denny's is a masculine talent of a kind rare in English fiction today, and the more welcome because of that. He has caught his period brilliantly and, I would think, accurately.

Mr. William Golding has found for his first novel a situation with which no one who writes as well as he does could go wrong. He has imagined a parcel of boys of roughly prep-school age—there is a cathedral choir school among them—set down and abandoned on an uninhabited Pacific island. "We are but little children weak"; but if Mrs. Alexander had written the hymn today she might have added "and polymorphously perverse into the bargain." Mr. Golding's boys are: under the stress of night-terrors and the leadership of a boy who in other circumstances might have been a modern Bully Flashman, they lapse into barbarism. Piggy, the clever boy of the outfit, lower-class, fat, asthmatic, short-sighted to the point of blindness, is killed, and Ralph, the responsible one, the born prefect, is hunted like an animal. *Lord of the Flies* is like a fragment of nightmare, for all that it is lightly told. It commands a reluctant assent: yes, doubtless it could be like that, with the regression from choir school to Mau Mau only a step. The difficulty begins when one smells allegory. "There's not a child so small and weak But has his little cross to take." These children's crosses, it seems to me, were altogether too unnaturally heavy for it to be possible to draw conclusions from Mr. Golding's novel, and if that is so, it is, however skilfully told, only a rather unpleasant and too-easily affecting story.

During the war Miss Gardner wrote some very good short stories. *The Indian Woman* strikes me as essentially a short story recounted in excessively slow motion to the extent of seventy thousand words. A young woman, a general's daughter, marries a retired Army officer who, having suffered degradation at the hands of an Indian woman, compels his wife on occasion to dress up in a sari, which seems for Miss Gardner to be emblematic of worse-than-death. At any rate, as a result, until rescued by a kindly solicitor and his wife, she sinks into a condition of imbecile apathy. I suspect there is more in all this than meets the eye—meets mine, anyway.

WALTER ALLEN

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Plants, Man and Life. By EDGAR ANDERSON. *Melrose.* 15*s.*

The Director of the Missouri Botanic Garden packs a great deal of botanical information into this pleasantly discursive book. He is mainly interested in crop plants and weeds, and so in the effect that man has had on the world's vegetation, and he comes to many unexpected conclusions of which only three can be cited here. Plants generally become economically important in countries other than their country of origin because the move gives them partial respite from their original predators; primitive methods of farming may look haphazard, but primitive people are keenly concerned about the uniformity of their crops, it is those we have affected who grow a mixture of varieties; weeds tell an expert as much about the history of a region as crops, and the communal rubbish-heap is a grand forcing ground for new varieties of both.

Dr. Anderson describes the actual day-to-day activities of a field botanist and he outlines a fairly consistent philosophy of biological research. This framework supports many digressions. The theme being plant breeding, there is naturally a section on Vavilov, Lysenko, and the state of affairs in the U.S.S.R. The story is told with few imaginative

accretions, and in a tone less strident than that usually adopted in the U.S.A.; it is used as the basis for an analysis of bureaucracy everywhere. The cogent argument is developed that in most countries officials would like to establish the level of control they apparently have in the U.S.S.R. Outside that country, however, they are less efficient, and the inefficiency is permitted because the community does not attach much importance to science. Thus the endowment of science, on the scale that most scientists think necessary, would tend to bring with it a measure of political control that they would resent. The old tolerance of the quirks and originalities of the scientist was a consequence of the scorn in which he was officially held. It will be difficult, though not impossible, to organise an administrative system that will feed and clothe an adequate number of scientists without clothing too many of them in strait waistcoats.

The Nature of Human Personality. By G. N. M. Tyrrell. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This, the author's last book, completed before his death in 1950, is described as a sequel to *The Personality of Man*. If somewhat unsubstantial as such, it is a good deal more than a footnote. It refers often to the earlier book, puts facts and arguments plainer, pushes inquiry a little further. The writer on psychical research and the problems rising out of it has continually to justify himself if he is ever to make an impression on readers for the most part naturally disposed to shy off the whole, and Tyrrell was very much aware of this obstacle.

Quite half of his patient elucidation goes to showing the reader exactly what are his prejudgments in the matter. "The human mind," he points out, "tends to reject anything that removes it from its instinctive outlook." Scientists, thus assailed, prove not less but far more bigoted than anyone else; and the history of their reactions—whether it is Faraday blustering at D. D. Home, or Sir Oliver Lodge childishly converted to other worlds—is enough in itself to persuade a detached observer that there must be "something in it." Then, demands Tyrrell, "why, if there is a psychological urge to reject evidence for anything unfamiliar, has it not been recognised by psychologists as one of the characteristics of mind?" He argues persuasively that each one of us clings to the preconception that pays him best, and that in a so-called scientific world science holds most of the vested interests. These distort our sense of reality so that we neglect attitudes of mind, draw boundaries between normal and paranormal, and automatically reject all facts and ideas that won't fit into our particular picture. Tyrrell suggests that here there may be the basis for a whole new movement in psychological inquiry. This persuasion, no less than his meticulous deductions from evidence of "paranormal phenomena," should provoke readers of *The Nature of Human Personality* to think twice in directions where they would rather not think at all.

The Criminal Law. By F. T. Giles. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The course of the Criminal Law follows two main streams, running side by side from the university law schools and the High Court Bench. Here and there they merge, but for long stretches there is a no-man's-land between them, and it is here that the "popular" writer on the real practice of the criminal law is most valuable, compelled as he is to draw on both streams for the best they can offer in the sacred name of common sense. Mr. Giles, who is Chief Clerk at Clerkenwell Magistrates' Court, is probably the most prolific, and is certainly the best, of the current popularisers. Using the evening-paper "case-book" method, he breaks off at points in the stories to give the legal reasons for turns of events, and a very successful formula it is.

The whole of Part I of the book is essentially the trial of Mr. George Joseph Smith in 1916 for drowning three successive brides on bath night, but by calling him Mr. Charles Black the author is able to bring in several interesting points of law and procedure that Mr. Smith had omitted to exemplify. Part II is about police and magisterial powers and procedure, the magisterial being described with the greater care and accuracy. The police can regard an offender as "found committing" an offence, for example, when he is overtaken on "instant pursuit"; the arrest need not be "made while the offender is in the very act of committing the crime" (page 78). And in London at least a constable can lawfully arrest for "aggravated assault" even though he has not actually witnessed it, if when he is told of it there has been no time to obtain a warrant (page 80).

The Scottish Economy. Edited by A. K. Cairncross. *Cambridge.* 30*s.*

The first volume in the series of "Social and Economic Studies" emanating from the University of Glasgow was a masterly study by the late Adam Collier of the problem of the Highland crofters. The new volume, which consists of nineteen statistical papers by members of the Department of Social and Economic Research, with an introduction by Professor Cairncross, makes less appeal to the general reader, inasmuch as the book has no clearly discernible theme. The value of the papers to the student of Scottish economy is that the writers have brought together, in up-to-date and handy form, most of the data relevant to an appreciation of current Scottish problems. The drift of population since 1800 to urban centres; the extreme reliance of Scotland on its coal and heavy engineering; the dependence of Scotland on specialised exports; and the relatively unfavourable figures of health and hygiene in a country to which the industrial revolution brought some of Europe's worst housing—all these facets in the Scottish pattern are cogently illustrated in the statistical analysis. One odd omission from the book is transport—the factor of distant and inadequate communications being all-important in the development and contemporary problems of a country composed of wide, thinly populated, agricultural fringes round a small, congested industrial centre.

The Hentys. By Marnie Bassett. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

Mrs. Bassett's enormous book describes with a wealth of carefully documented detail the vicissitudes that befell the family of an enterprising Sussex farmer who emigrated to Australia early in the nineteenth century. Thomas Henty was an experienced sheep-farmer at home and he expected to make a quick fortune once he could find suitable pasture for his prize merino flock somewhere in the vast new continent. But he was a cautious man and followed Biblical precedent before taking the plunge. Two of his seven stalwart sons were sent to spy out the strange land before the rest of the family followed. The advance party landed in Western Australia, but finding the soil there too sandy and unpropitious, they diverted the main Henty enterprise to the already well-established colony of Tasmania. There the Hentys prospered for a while, but the country was too populous for their liking and their restless ambition made them look farther afield. In 1834, therefore, another advance party crossed to the unexplored coast of the mainland, where they became the first settlers in what is now the State of Victoria. They did so, however, without any permission from the Colonial Government and acquired no title to the land on which they squatted. As soon as the richness of this newly discovered country became bruited abroad and authorised settlers began to pour in, legal trouble caught up with the Hentys. The Governor of New South Wales robbed them of what they thought to be their rights; and it was not until 1847, when a new Governor took office and after the family had barely survived bankruptcy owing to a slump in wool, that their claims were finally settled, always to their dissatisfaction. However, while men squabbled sheep multiplied; and the Hentys had their reward in the '50s, when they possessed three enormous sheep-walks and were counted among the richest men in Australia.

Rolf Boldrewood was a friend of the Hentys; and echoes from *Robbery Under Arms* are clearly audible in Mrs. Bassett's book. Australian society at that time was the strangest hotch-potch of humanity; convicts, ex-convicts, whalers from the States, ne'er-do-weels from home, traders on the make and felons on the run, bushrangers alongside elegant ladies, and

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in the background emus, kangaroos and the scowling faces of the aborigines. Mrs. Bassett's epic of pioneering finds a place for them all.

Shelley's Idols of the Cave. By P. H. Butter. *Edinburgh University Press.* 15*s.*

Where Shelley is concerned we are as far as ever from arriving at any consensus of informed opinion. The readers he delights and those he exasperates are still far from finding any common ground, even in the shape of a formula on which they can agree to differ. Mr. Butter knows that many readers find Shelley for the most part unacceptable, and in making a reasoned case for the poet he does his best to realise their point of view and to make concessions to it. Yet one feels that they will not understand how, after seeming to concede them so much, he still feels there is a case worth making. Mr. Butter is concerned to rebut only one of the charges brought against the poet, that of obscurity; and he offers to elucidate the significance for Shelley of the images perpetually recurrent in his work, such as veils and robes, lyres and lutes, eagles and serpents, fountains, vapours, streams and caves. These are arranged into groups (*e.g.*, "Countries of the Mind," comprising all the images of a poetic topography, such as streams, grottoes, mountains), and we are shown how each group of images is employed with growing assurance and awareness as the poet matures. Mr. Butter very sensibly breaks with this method of analysis by classification, to offer step by step elucidation of two of the most difficult poems, *Mont Blanc* and *Prometheus Unbound*. His interests are perhaps philosophical rather than literary, but he displays literary erudition governed by critical good sense in a valuable section on Shelley's use of imagery from contemporary science, where he refines upon the important but thesis-ridden findings of Professor Grabo, the pioneer in this field. In both literature and philosophy Mr. Butter seems content to be unfashionable, and this makes his writing earnest yet temperate. But he begs what is the burning question about Shelley: how far one can or should go in giving the poet the benefit of the doubt.

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No. 1,283

Set by C. L. Drummond

The contractors' bulldozer will shortly move in on the Roman temple of Mithras recently excavated in Walbrook, so that a 14-storey office building may rise on the spot. Competitors are invited to submit a 4-line epigram on the subject. Entries by October 5.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,280

Set by Gerald Girardot

The usual prizes are offered for an expostulation to a bus conductor who tries to turn him off the platform at the traffic lights, delivered by any one of the following: Henry James, Socrates, Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, or Carlyle.

Report by Gerald Girardot

A very long queue arrayed in the various disguises obligated jumped, panting and polysyllabic, on to this bus. And few can be said entirely to have missed it. Judgment was a hard task. The Henry Jameses were the most numerous, the Carlyles (rather surprisingly) the most successful, the Shaws the least. Socrates ran third, and Oscar, to his great chagrin no doubt, was only somewhere in between. S. Macpherson was surely right in instinct in supposing that his expostulation would be brief, but his single sentence—"The repulse of the impolitic by the impolite"—didn't have quite enough edge. Stanley J. Sharpless came up to a strong finish for him with "Call the police? Ah no. Blue is divine in china, ridiculous on men . . ." Ronald Cohen, J. P. Stevenson and Jolyon Lea sent in good Socrateses; R. Tiley, Peter Connell, E. G. Yorath, T. E. Caton and D. W. Barker ("But, but—to begin conjunctionally—here I, as may be said, precariously am . . .") were all in the running. I suggest a guinea and a half each to G. J. Blundell, J. R. Till and E. W. Fordham; half a guinea each to H. A. C. Evans and Edward Blishen. And finally I must pay a half guinea to D. J. Morrison for his superb oblique James approach. Purists may argue that it doesn't strictly qualify, being in *oratio obliqua*, but I can't resist sharing the pleasure it gave me with others.

Henry James

"What chiefly strikes me, my dear conductor, what strikes me, I mean, of course, besides a right hand only too palpably accustomed to, and, indeed, adept at, punching, is the fact that you have undeniably, oh, indubitably, my dear fellow, abandoned your role—not, obviously, ha, ha!, your roll, your, so to speak, quasi-nautical mode of progression, very properly and, indeed, of necessity acquired in the course of your daily perambulations—but your part in what should be our absorbing drama; which, in brief, as your so beautiful title implies, is, isn't it?, to lead us, rejoicing, into the celestial regions, as they can't but at present seem, of your commodious vehicle, and not, hang it all, to push us off into the ranks of those who, with whatever accompanying misfortune of time-tables misread and deserts met, shall, all irremediably, have missed the bus."

G. J. Blundell

Carlyle

Ho, ye sea-green corruptible, ye blathering embodiment of the cash nexus at the cross-roads! Have ye not heard of the Law of Magnetic Illumination, a law that is flouted only by imbeciles and shopkeepers? And your puny soul, artisan—is't consumed, think ye, by Satan's arithmetic? Has some accursed dominie taught ye Beelzebub's geography? Do the principles of association license ye to trample on the aspirations of the British biped in pursuit of the Infinite, so that ye dare to confront a platform-gravitating sage with the Everlasting No?

G-r-r! J. R. Till

What? Thou weather-worn and wind-dried biped—thou unhappy serf of the human money-bags purporting to own this now public vehicle, conceivest thou that the twilight of the gods has arrived, and that thou canst thrust me forth into Chaos because, forsooth, I entered not at the ordained halting place? Even thus this miserable epoch is rendered twice and tenfold miserable, and the helpless sons of Adam are flung back into the era wherein the ancient mud gods hold dominion.

Nay, do not fling thyself into momentary puff in sordid loyalty to the prosperous semblances, nor let thy purblind obduracy and opaque flunkeyism grow truculent and transcendent.

Disappear, I say, and jargon no more.

E. W. Fordham

Platform-legality! Banana-skin world, where little men try to trip busy feet, themselves armoured with Regulations, Rule-rigid, Ban-bound! Now must I, sayest thou, meekly descend! being, without danger, to the disadvantage of none, here conveniently ensconsed (and, see my purse, pence-provided!) must, some little squeak of an invariable Order being in thy head, undo what is so rationally done! And shall, say I, my act, shining with adventurous Success, be (with a "Lord Conductor, I-hear-and-obey") unacted? Nay: for we stand now, both, on a battlefield, the trumpets are heard, Rational Liberty and Unreasoning Oppression are face to face: the World listeneth! Not unless, from an Intellectual clash—from the War of our Wills—Sublime Sense conducts you forth (Conductor!) the Winner—will I (Speak on, now, I say!) step down!

Edward Blishen

Socrates

My friend, would you not agree that the virtue of a thing resides in the constant activity of that thing in the fulfilment of its proper function? Now, surely, the proper function of a conveyance is to convey travellers from their point of departure, which let us call the Whence, to their point of arrival, which let us call the Whither. It appears, then, that as the virtue of a man resides in constant activity in pursuit of the Good, so the virtue of a conveyance resides in constant activity in conveying travellers from the Whence to the Whither. Now I put it to you, inasmuch as you somehow partake of the nature of this conveyance, you should strive not only after your own virtue, but also after the virtue of this conveyance, which is to convey travellers, in this instance me, from the Whence to the Whither. Therefore. . . .

H. A. C. Evans

Henry James

There was no doubt of it. The girl had said: "There's no stop here. I'll have to put you off."

The gentleman protested vigorously. Was he not, he positively argued, supremely "on"? Hadn't the "bus" "stopped"? These two landmarks in an uncertain terrain he expressed his magnificent intention of keeping always in view, and this notwithstanding his evident astonishment at the prompt and not altogether printable vocabulary of the young lady, as equally one as she was the other, who faced him. The assertion that her vehicle was "for all," might not prove one whose significance would immediately—would indeed at any time—be taken up; so that, faced with this attended incomprehension, he could only assert that he refused, positively refused, to let himself be "put off."

The equivalent determination of the other not to be "put on" found expression in an utterance as grand as it was germane. "Oh, drop dead!" she magnificently brought out.

D. J. Morrison

CHESS: Sire of the Endgame Study

No. 260

Those of us who love endgame studies should realise that the man to whom our favourite modern composers are most indebted was B. Horwitz. He came to this country as a young man, lived in London for well over forty years and died almost exactly seventy years ago. True enough, there were Lolli and Ponziani in the 18th century and Salvio 100 years before them; but it was Horwitz—for many years in collaboration with Kling—whose systematic and comprehensive research has taught his contemporaries and successors most of what we know about the endgame. He composed many hundreds of highly instructive studies, and to find the time for it he gave up competitive chess in which he had excelled rather more than composers usually do. Curiously enough, as a practising master he favoured a do-or-die style

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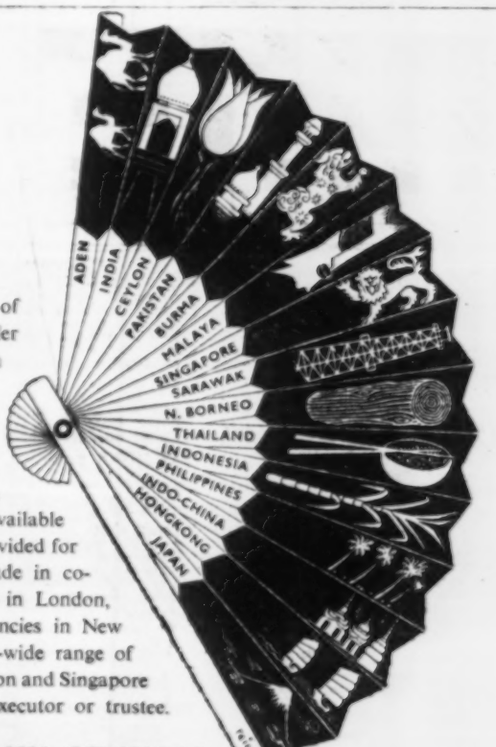

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not likely to lead to any of the endgames of which he knew so much more than most of his contemporaries. Here—Schulten-Horwitz, London 1846—is one of his most famous brevities:

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(10) P x Kt	B x P ch
(2) B-B4	Kt-KB3	(11) Q x B	Q-Kt5ch
(3) Kt-QB3	P-QKt4	(12) B-Q2	Q x B
(4) B x P	B-B4	(13) Q-B3	P-KB4!
(5) P-Q3	P-B3	(14) P x KBP	B x P
(6) B-QB4	Q-Kt3	(15) Q-QKt3?	Q-B8 ch!!
(7) Q-K2	P-Q4	(16) K x Q	B-Q6 ch
(8) P x P	O-O	(17) K-K1	R-B8 mate
(9) Kt-K4	Kt x Kt		

That sort of "Evans in reverse" was one of Horwitz's favourite openings: but he didn't always get away with it as prettily as all that. Here now is one of his studies, rather typical for its author because, in spite of its somewhat artificial and almost whimsical construction, it contains some instructive ideas for the practical end-game player. The first four moves are obvious enough and destined to drive the Black K into the mating net and keep him there until the *coup de grâce* can be accomplished. (1) P-B3 ch, K-B4. (2) Kt-R4 ch, K-Kt4. (3) P-B4 ch, K-R3. (4) B-B6. Now for the execution which, of course, involves a long promenade of the White K; thus, while the Black B can but aimlessly mark time the triumphant K marches along the white squares (via e2, f1, g2, h3, g4, etc.) right up to his QB8. Thereafter Black can only prolong the agony by sacrificing one P after another until the mate by B-Kt7 can no longer be prevented.

A: B. Horwitz

With so much material to choose from we must obviously have an all-Horwitz competition. The 4-pointer should be as instructive for beginners as almost everything that great teacher has left us. White is to move, but he cannot win. Why not? **B** and **C** are both wins for White, but they wouldn't be worth their 6 and 7 points if I gave any hints.

B: B. Horwitz

C: B. Horwitz

Usual prizes. Entries by October 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

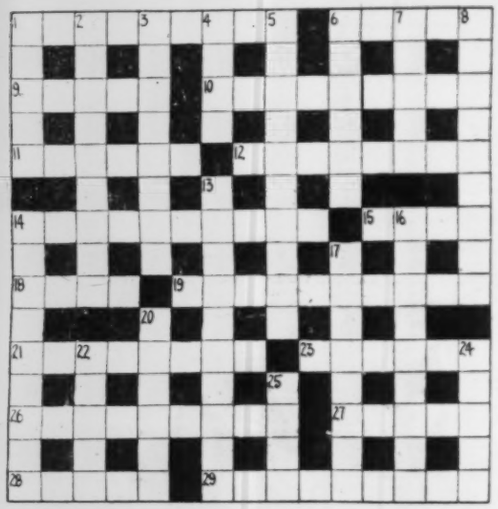
No. 257. Set September 4

A: (1) Q x P ch, P x Q. (2) R x P ch, K-Kt1. (3) Kt-K3.
B: (1) P-R7, B-K5. (2) P-Q7, R-Q7. (3) B-Q5! etc.
If (2) . . . K-Kt3 ch. (3) K-Kt8, R-Q7. (4) B-B2!
C: (1) P-B6, B-K1. (2) P-B7, B-Q2. (3) R-Q5, B-K3! (4) R-K5, B-Kt5. (5) R-KR5 ch, etc.
If (4) . . . B-Q2. (5) R-K8 ch.
If (4) . . . B-Kt3. (5) R x B, B x P. (6) R-K8 ch, etc.

This was an easy lot. Many correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. Allen, K. Beaumont, R. Maynard, A. Schneider, V. Tarnofsky. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 119

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 119, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 5.



ACROSS

1. Passionate graduates? But they keep to the rails (9).
6. Bad weather in West or Midlands (5).
9. Fruit for an unlettered old Greek (5).
10. How to deal a blow meteorologically? (5, 4).
11. Mechanisms needed by sailors in a ship (6).
12. Way of pronouncing a famous street in confusion (8).
14. Seats which need canvassers (10).
15. A very thin coat, it is made to be seen (4).
18. Chance the star has in the second half (4).
19. Value of a William III coin? (10).
21. He has a degree, although he is only half a musician (8).
23. Chemical needed to plant a tree (6).
26. Raved crazily about a new arrangement of a tune; this shows enterprise (9).
27. The very poor are nearly all born dead (5).
28. Before such appointments man gives orders (5).
29. Writers who start with little enough colour for the eye (9).

DOWN

1. Swallows pieces of cloth (5).
2. Verse for fertiliser and harvest (9).
3. Town which takes some filling? (8).
4. These creatures start soon afterwards (4).
5. Put down your trade on the form; it is the art of government (10).
6. The tortoise's classes? (6).
7. Think of love and waste away (5).
8. Intermediary between duke and lover (9).
13. Have a go at clues in lists (10).
14. Where to get doubles in the bar (9).
16. Is about to perform afterwards for great admirers (9).
17. Glass vessel (8).
20. He goes up having committed a crime (6).
22. Desire a doctor's partner? (5).
24. Place for ever in the high school (5).
25. Fingered the material (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 117

D	E	M	O	L	I	S	H	E	D		S	P	I	N
I		U		O		L		M		T		A		U
S	A	M	A	R	I	A		B	A	R	O	N	E	T
A		M		D		P		O		O		A		S
P	L	E	A	S	E	D	A	S	P	U	N	C	H	
P		R		A		A		S		B		H		P
R	A	S	H	N	E	S	S		S	L	E	E	V	E
O				D		H		C		E				R
V	O	W	E	L	S		B	A	N	D	I	T	T	I
E		H		A		O		T		W		R		M
	B	I	R	D	O	F	P	A	R	A	D	I	S	E
S		T		I		F		R		T		P		T
P	O	T	T	E	R	S		A	N	E	M	O	N	E
E		L		S		E		C		R		L		R
D	O	E	S		S	T	A	T	I	S	T	I	C	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 117

Mrs. W. A. Carruthers (Duns), Mrs. A. P. Richards (Lyallpur), C. H. Scott (Par).

PERSONAL

EXPERIENCED Librarian wants home clerical work. Box 1090.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Posts of Special Responsibility. (I) Deputy Headmistress. New County Secondary School at Woodham Road, Lewisham, for about 1,200 girls to be opened in September, 1955, or, if circumstances permit, at Easter, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning one term in advance of the opening of the school. London Burnham scale with special allowance of £250 a year. The school will work in association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary aided secondary (grammar) school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond normal school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary level). There will be special provision for courses in needlecraft and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms E.O./T.S.10 (Woodham) to be obtained from and returned by October 1 (not Sept. 24 as previously stated) to the Education Officer (E.O./T.S.10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Posts of Special Responsibility. (II) Deputy Headmistress. New County Secondary School at Tulse Hill, Norwood, for about 960 girls to be opened in September, 1955, or if circumstances permit, at Easter, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning one term in advance of opening of the school. London Burnham scale with special allowance of £250 a year. The school is intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a neighbouring voluntary aided secondary (grammar) school, and will be filled at the outset by 11+ entry, together with individual and group transfers from other schools. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school-leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education. Special provision is being made for courses in needlecraft and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms E.O./T.S.10 (Tulse Hill) to be obtained from and returned by October 1 (not Sept. 24 as previously stated) to the Education Officer (E.O./T.S.10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

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AN Assistant with an interest in music and Advertising is required in the Publicity and cataloguing Department of the Decca Record Co., Ltd. Applications, in writing, giving details of present and previous employment, to the Publicity Manager, at Head Office, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

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COAL Industry Social Welfare Organisation require a Junior Officer at London Headquarters. Young man preferred with qualification or marked interest in the social sciences. Ability to draft memoranda essential. Salary scale £593×£20: £745 per annum. Applications to C.I.S.W.O., 5 Hobart Place, Westminster, S.W.1, within 7 days of this advertisement.

TRAVEL Agency (London) require (a) shorthand-typist, hours 11-4; (b) general clerk over 35, with knowledge of German. Write, stating exp. & salary reqd. to Box N.S.327, c/o 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

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SECRETARIES, sh.-typists, typists urgently reqd. for temporary work. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. (I) Deputy Headmaster: Holloway School, Hilldrop Road (Camden Road), N.7. Headmaster, M. W. Brown, M.A. A secondary school for about 1,250 boys; the school is at present a grammar school which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school from September, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1955. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £250 a year. The school will be filled at the outset by the pupils of the former grammar school, by transfers from neighbouring schools and by normal recruitment of boys of 11+. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced work in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience. They should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TSIO (Holloway) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer, (EO/TSIO), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 by Oct. 8. Post of Special Responsibility. (II) Deputy Headmistress: Putney County School, Mayfield, 92 West Hill, S.W.15. Headmistress, Miss M. Miles, B.A. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1955. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £350 a year. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Putney County School, Mayfield, is at present a grammar school which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school for about 2,000 girls from September, 1955. The school will be filled at the outset by the pupils of the former grammar school, by transfers from neighbouring schools and by normal recruitment of girls of 11+. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including those leading to the G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced courses in catering, needlecraft and commerce. Application forms EO/TSIO (Putney) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TSIO), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 8. (1267)

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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LABOUR Party delegates have the choice of "Security—or Nazis Rearmed," writes Ben Parkin, M.P., in the October Special Conference Number of Labour Monthly. Now out. And don't miss "The End of E.D.C.," historic speech by Herriot to the Assembly, specially translated from the French "Hansard"; and R. Palme Dutt on "From Brighton to Scarborough." Indispensable for following the debates on German rearmament and the alternative. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

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JOHN Betjeman: A new profile in the current issue of "Reader's Review." Also details of Bonus Books Offer and £250 Award Scheme for Writers. From newsagents or 1s. 9d. post free from Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, London, E.C.4.

"IN Pursuit of Peace," by Bentley, Jenkins and Wolfgang with a foreword by William Warbey, M.P., from Victory for Socialism, 27 Northern Ave., Edmonton, London, N.9, price 7½d. single, 5s. per dozen, 19s. for fifty, all post free.

ROBERT Graves and G. S. Fraser write in October "Literary Guide," now on sale, one shilling. Specimen copy from Dept. X, 12 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "New Statesman," 1938-1954, offers?; unique opportunity—Encyclopædia Britannica, complete, latest, unused, £100 nearest offer; Gestetner duplicator, £20; antiques, etc.; Remington Portable, Noiseless, £21; Remington Noiseless Portable, August 1953, hardly used, perfect condition, £25.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "Arden of Faversham."

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days. 5.0 & 8.0. "The Diary of a Nobody." Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incls. Guest Ticket.

UNITY Theatre (Eus. 5391).—"Dockers' Tanner." Fris., Sats., Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. a year.

STOLL. Oct. 20-Nov. 13. Ingrid Bergman in Honegger's opera "Joan of Arc." Full Symphony Orchestra. Cast of 100. Directed by Rossellini.

TWO Commemoration Evenings, to honour the memory of Anton Chekhov who died fifty years ago, will be held at the Portland Hall, Little Titchfield St., nr. Oxford Circus, on September 29 and October 1, at 7.30 p.m. sharp. There will be short addresses in English and Russian: Chekhov's one-act plays in English (by British companies) and dramatised short stories in Russian. These will differ on each occasion. The functions (all proceeds to charity) are under the ægis of The Russian Refugees' Relief Association, 49 Penywern Road, S.W.5. (FRE. 9341) from whom tickets, 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., are obtainable. Tickets also from Mr. G. D. Pessiakoff (WES. 9245, 10-6 p.m.), V. V. Baratchevsky (MUS. 2456, 10.30-5.30 p.m.) and at door.

CELEBRATION. Empress Hall, 7 p.m., Sat., Nov. 6. Opening of British-Soviet Friendship Month, November, 1954: 37th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R. Soviet guests include H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, Aram Khachaturian (world-famous composer). Soviet artists will perform. Tkts. 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Until Oct. 3: Ulanova in "Trio-Ballet" (U). U.P.A.'s "Ballet-Oop!" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Sept. 25. Katherine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, in "Adam's Rib" (A). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Sept. 26, 7.30. "Der Blaue Engel" (A). Germany.

CASQUE d'Or (Becker). Hammersmith Film Society. Annl. subscription 15s. 11 shows, start Sept. 30. Guests (adv. only) 2s. 6d. Secretary, Town Hall, W.6.

SCALA Theatre, 7.30, Sun., Oct. 10. Soviet films: "Snow Maiden," "Chuk and Gek," "Paintings of Makovsky," "Two Legends." Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

CHINESE Film Première. "When the Grapes are Ripe" (Eng. Sub-titles). Scala Theatre, W.1. Fri., Oct. 1, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., Britain China Friendship Assn., 228 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, or at door.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Sat., Sept. 25, 7.15. "La Bête Humaine."

CLUB Vienna, 209 Baker St., W.1, opp. Station. Dancing every Saturday from 8-11.15 p.m. at London's Latest Continental Rendezvous. Cosmopolitan atmosphere. Espresso lounge. Admission 4s. before 8.30, 5s. after. Also Sunday Club.

"REFECTORY" Ballroom, Golders Green, opposite Tube Stn. Sunday Club—Dancing every Sunday. Lic. Bar, Lounge, Buffet. London's leading Cosmopolitan Rendezvous. Top-line Band. Adm. 4s. before 8; after, 5s. Dancing 7.30-11.30.

VALLEY View Fellowship Camp presents a "Sunday Dance" next Sun., Sept. 26, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Frank Howard & His Music with Glenda Gould. Spots & Novelties. 7.30-11 p.m. 5s.

I.C.A. Dancing to the "Noveltones" Trio. Sat., Sept. 25, 8-11 p.m., at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s. Membership invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat., Sept. 25, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

CONCERTS

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Association presents a concert of Rumanian music at the Wigmore Hall, Saturday, September 25 at 7.30 p.m. New London Quartet, Leonard Cassini (Piano), April Cantelo (Soprano), Amaryllis Fleming ('Cello) Gervase de Peyer (Clarinet), John Wills (Accompanist). Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall (WELbeck 2141) and usual agents.

CHELSEA Town Hall, Thur. next, Sept. 30 at 8, Goldsbrough Orchestra, cond. Lockspeiser. Louis Kaufman, vln. Brandenburg 3 Bach, Dances Bartok. Concerti Vaughan Williams & Vivaldi. Divertimento in F K138 Mozart, Sinfonietta Roussel.

EXHIBITIONS

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Paintings by Harold Cohen and Martin Bradley.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED. New Turnstile print, Boudin's "Le Canal à Bruxelles," £2 5s., plus tax 10s. 8d., from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, or all good printsellers. Also reprint G.S.P. 3 Utrillo's "Place du Tertre."

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, mosaics. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5. Until Sept. 29. 1s. Children 6d.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Sunday Painters Arranged by Robert Melville. Sept. 9-Oct. 9. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., mems. free.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2. Works by Dugald McKimmin. September 19 to October 17.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso Pottery. Closes October 9. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. 1st Exhibitions of Paintings by Roderic Barrett, John Bratby, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

SCULPTURE in the open air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Last day Oct. 2. Daily 10-dusk. Adm. 1s. 3d. Children 9d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Paul Feiler: Paintings & Drawings by Christopher Wood. Hours 10-6 Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 2.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., W.C.2. Recent drawings by Nigel Lambourne. Wkdays inc. Sats. 10-6.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Watercolours of Israel by Judith Yellin-Gaertner. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sundays 2-5. September 30 to October 10.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

SCULPTURES of Nehru and Famous Indians, by Fredda Brilliant, are still on view at India House, Aldwych, W.C.2, until October 8. Weekdays 10-5. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Will Roberts, Bernard Dunstan, W. Barns-Graham.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Fenosa Sculptures, Paul Klee Water Colours. Until October 22.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Europeans seen through Native Eyes. Sculptures from Africa, Asia & America.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Ruth Collet, Grant, Piech, Riedl-Ursin. Until October 12.

BULGARIA—see for yourself! 10 years of progress portrayed at the "New Bulgaria" Exhibition. The College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Sq. Open daily 11-8 (exc. Sun.) until Oct. 1. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: British Painting & Sculpture, 1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

REPORT on South Africa by Canon L. John Collins. Chairman: Victor Gollancz. Central Hall, Westminster, Wednesday, October 6, 7.15 p.m., doors open 6.15. Buffet available. Questions invited. Tickets 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unreserved from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4, or from Central Hall. Many free seats available.

INDUSTRIAL Democracy: weekend (Oct. 15) conference at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, with J. Coates, W. B. D. Brown & others. Fri.-Mon. £2 19s. 6d. (Associates £2 16s. 6d).

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. Sept. 26: "The Way of the Heart."

ANTI-Slavery Society, Racial Unity, British Commonwealth League. Lecture: "A Kikuyu speaks on Kenya & Mau Mau," by Mr. Paul Kahuhu. Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1. 7.30. Thurs., Sept. 30. Adm. 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Sept. 28: Poetry Reading—W. S. Merwin will introduce readings from his own work, and his choice of contemporary American poetry. Readers: Anthony Jacobs, Alan Wheatley. Chair: Irving Kristol. Wed., Sept. 29: Illustrated Report on the Triennale Exhibition in Milan by Peter Reyner Banham. Chair: Misha Black. Thurs., Sept. 30: Illustrated Lecture—Twentieth Century Sculptors of the Paris School by David Sylvester. IV Laurens. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Membership invited.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. 8.15 p.m., Friday, Sept. 24. "Jazz": Series of six lectures on the Outlines of Jazz, Illustrated. 1: Louis Armstrong—Cause and Effect by David S. Stevens. Chair: Lawrence Alloway. Details from office for reduction for course, single meetings 2s. 6d. members, 3s. 6d. guests.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Oct. 1, Professor A. Closs (Bristol Univ.): "Substance and Symbol in Poetry." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

R. CLEMENTS: "Germany—The Changing Scene." New Generation Group, Burgh House, off Flask Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube, Monday, Sept. 27, at 8 p.m.

"RUSSIA From a Woman's Viewpoint." Mrs. Gladys Lloyd, ex-National President, Women's Co-operative Guild, and Mrs. Janet Platts-Mills, both recently returned from U.S.S.R. Illustrated by latest Soviet films. 7.30, Thurs., Sept. 30, Conway Hall, W.C.1. Tkts. 9d. from Women's Advisory Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order.

SOCIETY for Friendship With Bulgaria. Lectures on Life and Literature in Bulgaria. Collets' Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Mons. 7 p.m. Adm. free. Sept. 27. Miss Gladys Driver: "Vaptsarov & Bulgarian Liberation."

THE Afro-West Indian Social & Cultural Socy. will hold an open discussion on ways & means of solving problem of coloured people in this country, Sept. 26, 7.30, at 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Speakers inc. M.P.s. All welcome. Adm. 1s. Also Month-end Dance Sat., 25th, 7.30-11.30. 3s. 6d. men, 3s. women.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Oct. 2 at 6. Mrs. M. C. Major. "My Travels with Esperanto."

THE Friday Club has now moved to Stanton Coit House, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington, W.8. The first half session (subscription 7s. 6d.) opens Friday, October 1, at 7.45 p.m. when Charles Kennedy Scott will talk on Haydn's "The Creation," with musical illustrations. New members welcomed on this or any Friday at the Club, or apply Marjorie Kew, 5.D. Westbourne Gardens, W.2.

MISS D. M. Kerslake, consultant obstetrician and gynæcologist to the Newcastle on Tyne General Hospital, is to speak at a Public Meeting under the auspices of the Abortion Law Reform Assocn., Wed., Sept. 29, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7.30 p.m. Mrs. Mary Stocks will preside. Subject: "Is Reform Needed?" Annual Meeting 6 p.m. Refreshments provided for members. Subscriptions, please, to Mrs. A. Jenkins 53 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Sept. 24. "The Pacifist Movement Today." Friday, Oct. 1. Miss L. Gerard, "Problems of Personal Life." Adm. free.

GET ready for next General Election. Hampstead Parliament, estd. over 50 years, reopens Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, Tues., Oct. 5, 8.15. Thereafter Weds. 8.15 until March. Subs. £1 1s., Stud. 10s. 6d. All parties & independents. Details Miss S. Dobson, 63 Kensington Gardens Sq., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Sep. 26. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. "The Advancement of Science." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Music Concerts recommence Oct. 3.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Sept. 30, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. Oct. 7: No lecture.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30. Caxton Hall. Subject for Sept. 28: "Yoga in Everyday Life." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., Sept. 29, 6.30 p.m. "This side Enlightenment": Mr. R. Fussell.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOCIALISM, Power and World Relations. Fabian Autumn Lects., Livingstone Hall, Westminster, fr. Oct. 26. Sir Richard Acland, P. M. S. Blackett, J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker, Christopher Mayhew, Hugh Seton-Watson, Francis Williams, Dets.: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

PROSPECTS Ahead. Fabian Northern Lectures—Leeds and Manchester, from October 2. Austen Albu, Harold Wilson, Kenneth Younger, Roy Jenkins. Details from 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 27. Evening lectures and classes for men and women: Politics, Economics, History, Current Affairs, English Language & Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Handwriting, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing, Ballet & Folk Dancing. Social and athletic clubs. Library, Sports Ground, Canteen. Fees from 12s. 6d. a year. Dets. from Sec. WAT. 6872.

PROBLEM of Old Age Today. 12 lecture University Extension class, Thursdays at 7 from Sept. 30, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14. Allendale Sanderson, Dr. Marjory Warren, Dr. Felix Post, Kathleen Slack, F. Le Gros Clark, Alex Comfort. Fee 5s. Full particulars of this and all other adult classes from the Warden.

THE Circle of Wine Tasters announce a series of Winter Wine Lectures (with tasting) by prominent shippers. Details from T. A. Layton, President, 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), London, W.1. WEL. 0709.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for six months' "Preview" of weekend courses & autumn/winter schools (incl. Painting & Sketching, Music, Dance & Drama, Lit. & Lang. studies, Social Psychology, etc.).

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 373—375

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